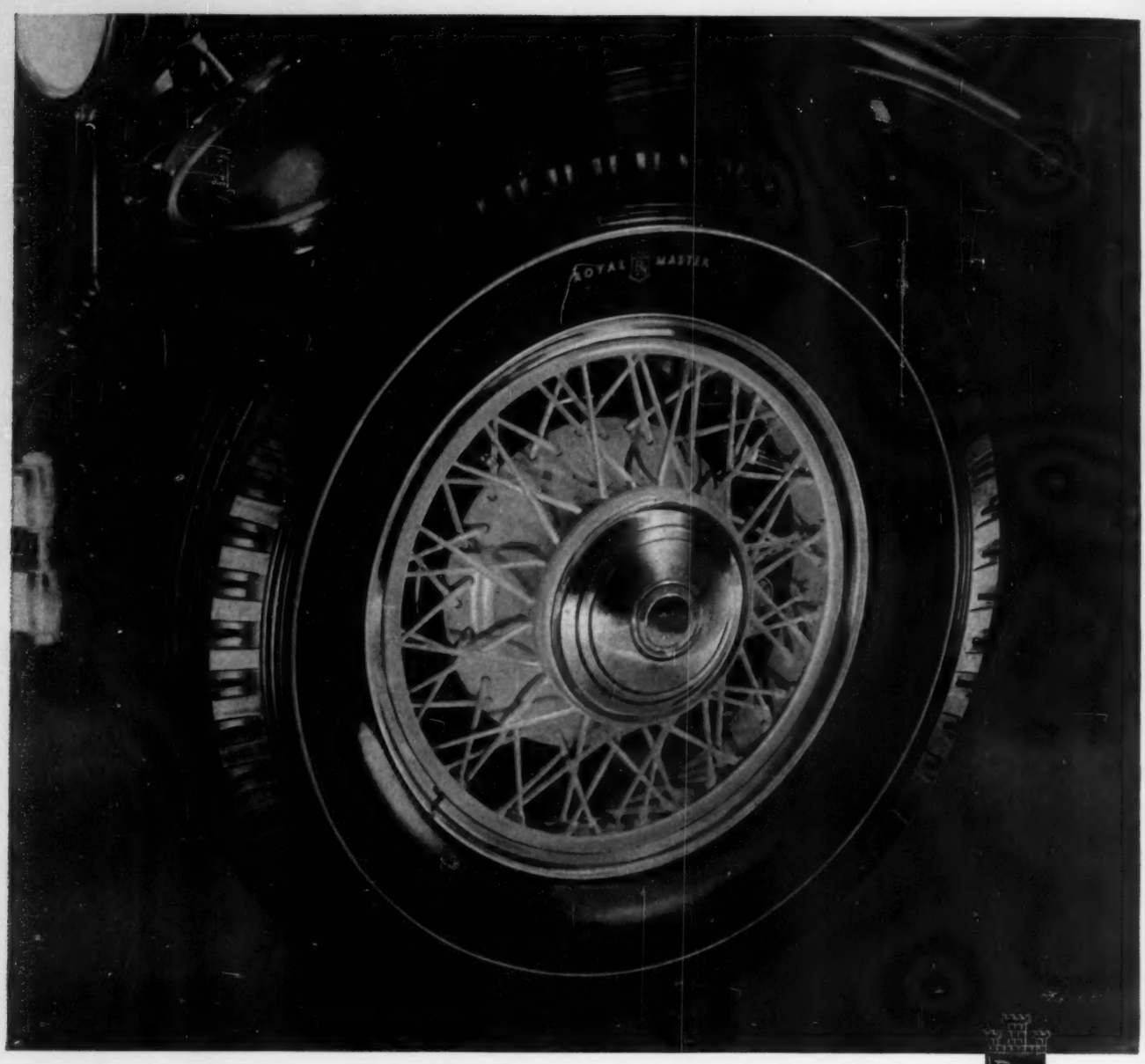
6TH STACK FILE

* July 5, 1930

THE NEW YORKER

Price 10 cents

PUBLIC LIBRARY



built by the world's largest producer of rubber . . . .

. . . *beautiful beyond all tires of the day*

There are degrees of quality in all things, and nowhere more truly than in super tires, as witness the U. S. Royal Master. It is priced a trifle higher, and built a great deal better. It is beautiful beyond all tires of the day. It confers the priceless advantage of complete freedom from tire troubles, serving flawlessly as long as you drive your car. To meet varying tastes, we fashion Royal Masters with cream-white side walls or in uniform black—each style surpassingly beautiful.

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

REF. STACK

B. ALTMAN & CO.

Fifth Avenue at 34th St. Telephone: MURray Hill 7000

ALSAM TOILETRIES

These are Altman's own preparations...exquisite and efficient aids to the distinguished service of guarding and enhancing beauty . . . . . TOILETRIES on the FIRST FLOOR

You CANNOT FEEL this ROUGE, but its becoming color lasts all day

THIS wonderful rouge imparts becoming color alone, without residue, without any drying or flaking on the lips. You cannot feel it. With Angelus Rouge Incarnat on lips and cheeks your make-up lasts all day, waterproof, indelible, unfading. A wider range of shades to match your coloring. The smartest shops in Paris say Angelus is the favorite lip rouge. In America it is used by more famous actresses, society leaders and experts in make-up than any other.

"Little Red Box" *for lips and cheeks is slim and convenient to carry—seems to last forever—75c.*

Judith Anderson with Louis Philippe, creator of Rouge Incarnat, as he makes the Angelus color study. It is through these studies of famous beauties that the nine natural Angelus tints have been perfected.

Angelus Rouge Incarnat Lipsticks—$1.00.

ANGELUS
Rouge Incarnat
"YOU CANNOT FEEL IT"

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscription $5.00. Vol. VI, No. 20, July 5, 1930. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1930, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

THEY CAN DO THE WEEK-END IN PAR

WHY?

You can improve your week-end score by studying some of these good shots from the July issue of Vanity Fair.

TEEING UP AT THE TEA-TABLE: Steichen photographs of the new film star, Armida . . . of the fascinating Maurice Chevalier . . . sketches of Bad Boys and Girls, by Covarrubias . . . Portrait of Joan Crawford, by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . .

ON THE DINNER COURSES: Paul Morand on How to Travel without Money . . . Peace on the Installment Plan, by Jay Franklin . . . Chicago, the Second City, by Ashton Stevens . . . The Freedom of the Screen, by Pare Lorentz . . .

THOSE AFTER-DINNER HOLES: Have You a Fashionable Mind? by Robert Hichens . . . The Murderous Parson of Pungo, by Edmund Pearson; Fighting the Debauchery of Our Boys and Girls, by Corey Ford . . .

CHIP SHOTS ON THE GREEN: Looking Up at Golf, by Marshall Whitlack . . . "Quick and Probable Tricks at Contract" by Leila Hattersley . . . The Strategies of Backgammon, by Grosvenor Nicholas . . . Various Aircraft for Sportsmen . . . Anagrams

VANITY FAIR

One of the Condé Nast Publications

. because they play the VANITY FAIR way!

The conversational bunkers and mental hazards of a week-end in Newport, Bar Harbor, Southampton or Tuxedo hold no terrors for them. They can drive the conversational ball straight down the dinner-table fairway (the Vanity Fairway), without going into the rough; they don't hook or slice their opinions on politics, personalities, the theatre, the talkies, or art; when hard pressed they can sink a pun along with the best; their jokes are perfectly timed; they never "top" their bridge bids; they are good Friday-to-Sunday bets; they sound like amusing and popular guests, and they are. Are you?

THIS OFFER OPEN ONLY TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS

VANITY FAIR, Graybar Building, New York.

Enclosed find $1 for FIVE ISSUES of Vanity Fair. I am a new subscriber.

NAME _____ STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Regular price 35c a copy—$4.00 a year

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APRON STRINGS—The unfortunate plight of a young wife whose husband regulates his life by a series of letters from his mother. A good comedy. (48th Street, 48, E.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—A pleasant, if not highly original, comedy by St. John Ervine, dealing with the wife who gets her first (and only) husband back. Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith make it what it is. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A Negro's idea of the story of the Old Testament, acted by a fine all-Negro cast. Marc Connelly has written here the outstanding play of the year. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—What it feels like to live in the death house. A grim but powerful account of a prison revolt. Thomas Mitchell heads an all-male cast. (Harris, 42, W.)

LOST SHEEP—If you will not be shocked at the idea of a vicar and his family of young ladies renting a house hitherto devoted to carnal traffic, you will find some very funny moments in this. With Cecilia Loftus and Ferdinand Gottschalk. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

LYSISTRATA—An adaptation by Gilbert Seldes of the frankly bawdy comedy of Aristophanes, in a beautiful production by Norman-Bel Geddes. An excellent cast, including Ernest Truex, Violet Kemble Cooper, Miriam Hopkins, Hortense Alden, Eric Dressler, and Sydney Greenstreet. If you are shocked, don't ever speak to us again. (44th Street, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Just about as entertaining and nice a comedy as there is to be found. The fact that it deals with seduction has no bearing on the matter. (Avon, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WITH MUSIC

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—Americans in Paris going at a great rate between the Ritz Bar and the American Express. Comical, with occasional raw spots. William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, Helen Broderick, and Cole Porter music. (Lyric, 42, W.)

FLYING HIGH—Bert Lahr throwing the audience into nightly convulsions, with Oscar Shaw to help the ladies sing the DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson score. (Apollo, 42, W.)

GARRICK GAIETIES—Perhaps not so good as the first "Gaieties" but good enough to contain some dirty cracks at current characters, a few good song numbers, and laughs enough for one evening. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SONS O' GUNS—Mr. Jack Donahue carrying the whole war on his shoulders, and very funny about it too. A good show. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THREE LITTLE GIRLS—Good old-time Vienna, with its lilting melodies and terrible comedy, made into something quite charming by Natalie and Bettina Hall, and Martha Lorber. The stage revolves. (Shubert, 44, W. Reopens Mon. Eve., July 7.)

•

VAUDEVILLE—Ruth Etting, Bill Robinson, and Lou Holtz will be at the Palace Fri., July 4. Ruth Etting, and Smith and Dale will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., July 5. (Palace, B'way at 47. 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

OPENING OF NOTE

Opened too late for review in this issue:

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—Eighth edition of Mr. Carroll's revue, with Jimmie Savo and Patsy Kelly. (New Amsterdam, 42, W. 8:30 P.M.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park Ave. at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Green Room for dinner dancing in the Park Avenue manner.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Dinner and supper in a handsome Joseph Urban setting cooled by Park breezes. Leo Reisman's music.*

CLUB EL PATIO, 134 W. 52 (Circle 4863)—For dancing after the theatre. Rosita and Ramon, Russell John, and Emil Coleman's orchestra.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—Rudy Vallée and his band playing for supper in cool and agreeable surroundings.*

ROOFS—St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music in a blue-and-gold setting during dinner and supper; dances by Veloz and Yolanda. Must dress. . . . Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner dancing in a Persian pavilion; open until 11 P.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), noted for its view of the harbor. . . . Other aerial places: Astor Roof, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin Roof, B'way at 34; Park Central Roof, 7 Ave. at 55; and Pennsylvania Roof, 7 Ave. at 33. . . . Not high up, but cool nevertheless: Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45; New Yorker Terrace Restaurant, 8 Ave. at 34; and Commodore Summer Garden, Lexington at 42.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Typical night clubs of this kind are: Club Abbey, 203 W. 54, open all night, and not for débutantes. . . . Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, another late place, with Chick Endor and Muriel Johnston. . . . Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, with Alice Boulden and Evelyn Law. . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, with a big noisy Broadway crowd, no cover charge, and an elaborate revue (also open for dinner).

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

JUST OUT OF TOWN

(Less than an hour from Times Sq. and open until 2 A.M.)

BEN RILEY'S ARROWHEAD INN, Riverdale Ave. at 246—Outdoor dining and dancing.

HENRI'S, Scranton Ave., Lynbrook, L.I.—For dinner only (no dancing). Recommended for exquisite cuisine.

HOLLYWOOD GARDENS, Pelham P'kway—A new open-air restaurant, with Paul Whiteman and his orchestra. Revue at 7:30 and midnight.

PAVILLON ROYAL, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L.I.—Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians.

PELHAM HEATH INN, Pelham P'kway at Eastchester Rd.—Vincent Lopez music.

SHOW PLACE, Merrick Rd., Lynbrook, L.I.—Where you will find Texas Guinan. Show at 8:30 and midnight. Go late.

WOODMANSTEN INN, Williamsbridge Rd. near Pelham P'kway—Paul Specht and his orchestra.

NOTE—For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and

(Continued on page 6)

DEPARTMENTS IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
THE THEATRE	26
A REPORTER AT LARGE	34
MOTORS	40
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE:	
SUMMER FOIBLES	42
THE CURRENT CINEMA	46
THE OARSMEN	48
LONDON LETTER	52
SHOUTS AND MURMURS	55
RECENT BOOKS	59

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 8200

Historic Montauk light! Beacon of legend and poetry, this famous maritime sentinel flashes the first friendly welcome to inbound liners . . . and to Americans bound for this new theater of play.

England . . . 120 miles away

Take a de luxe express from New York or motor leisurely or swiftly over a gapless ribbon of concrete to fashionable Montauk . . . on Long Island's slender tip . . . and you are on the English channel. The charm of England's gayest watering places . . . without the inconveniences of a trip abroad to get it. The marvelous moors of Devonshire . . . the silken beach strands of Dover . . . golf courses identical in turf, texture, design and character with Sandwich . . . you see the sea from every tee . . . canter over bridle paths that weave over heathered downs for 30 miles . . . stroll along 1,600 feet of broad, softly-lit boardwalk . . . putt and pitch on a miniature golf course with natural hazards . . . anchor your yacht in Montauk's marvelous basin and focus your glasses on the International Cup Trials to be held off Montauk in August . . . troll a wicked spoon for tuna, swordfish, bluefish and bonita on the blue Atlantic . . . or slip away for a rendezvous at the Island Supper Club. Vibrant recreation or idyllic repose—make your mood at Montauk! And in an architectural setting that mirrors the glories of the Tudors, rises the magnificent Montauk Manor, regal in its cuisine, service and appointments. Why not summer at Montauk? Make your reservation now at the Montauk Manor or write for descriptive literature . . . Montauk Beach Development Corporation, Montauk, Long Island, New York Office, 450 East 52d Street, Telephone Plaza 0783.

montauk beach

ON LONG ISLAND'S SLENDER TIP

(Continued from page 4)

Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Life in the trenches, from Remarque's great novel. The most brutal and honest picture of the war to be seen. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE BIG HOUSE—The best of the prison pictures; well recorded, but with a weak story. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.)

MAMMY—Minstrel-show movie, with Al Jolson and Irving Berlin music to help it along. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Fri., July 9-11; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

TRUE TO THE NAVY—Clara Bow in a brisk slapstick story about a girl and a gunner. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., July 5-7; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WITH BYRD AT THE SOUTH POLE—Interesting pictures of the great expedition. Well photographed, and for the most part silent. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 8:30 A.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Florodora Girl," Marion Davies as one of the historic sextet in a charming study of that day; "Journey's End," the play finely screened, with Colin Clive of the original London cast; "One Romantic Night," Lillian Gish in the Molnar comedy of the princess and the tutor; "The Silent Enemy," a silent movie of Indians and caribou in the Far North.

ART

ACADEMIC—The accepted American group—Davies, Eakins, Homer, Inness, Lawson, Ryder, etc.: Babcock, 5 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

AMERICANS—Samples of the younger group—Kuniyoshi, Dickinson, Spencer, etc.: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

CONTRASTS—Some Derain, Utrillo, Braque, etc., set up for the summer, along with Bruce and Sterne for contrast: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DOWNTOWN—Brook, Friedman, Hart, Pascin, Kuhn, and others: Downtown Gallery, 113 W. 13. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

FRENCH AND AMERICAN—A résumé of the various exhibits of the past season, showing some fine canvases by Van Gogh, Matisse, Cézanne, Renoir, Burchfield, Demuth, Marin, etc.: Museum of Modern Art, 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10 P.M. (except Sat.); Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

HAVEMEYER—The remarkable H. O. Havemeyer collection: Galleries 20-25, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—The various French masters of the earlier days—Degas, Sisley, Boudin, and other men who became famous with this house: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MIXED—A little of everything from Bacon to Picasso for the hot weather: G.R.D. Galleries, 58 E. 55. Open Fridays only, 1 to 6 P.M., all summer.

MODERN FRENCH—Examples by Matisse, Picasso, Dufy, Gromaire, and others: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

UTRILLO—Also Chirico, Kisling, and various other contemporary French: Balzac, 102 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sat. until 1 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts nightly at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat., Eves. on N.Y.U. Campus. (Take East Side subway to N.Y.U.-Burnside Ave. Sta., and walk two blocks west to University Ave.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting; concerts nightly at 8:30 P.M., starting Mon. Eve., July 7: Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 4, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 12. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Sat. Eves., July 5 and 12, and Sun. Eve., July 6, at 8:45, over WJZ.

WILFRED GLENN—Bass soloist, with orchestra, in selections from Reginald De Koven, in Atwater Kent Hour: Sun. Eve., July 6, at 9:15, over WEAF.

ROCHESTER CIVIC ORCHESTRA—White conducting, in Stromberg-Carlson Hour: Mon. Eve., July 7, at 10, over WJZ.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Van Hoogstraten conducting: Tues. and Thurs. Eves., July 8 and 10, at 8:30, over WOR.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES—Speaking at the annual banquet of the National Union of Students, in London: Mon. Aft., July 7, at 4:25 P.M., over WEAF and WJZ.

WALTER HAGEN—Interviewed by Grantland Rice, in Coca-Cola Hour: Wed. Eve., July 9, at 10:30, over WEAF.

GOLF—The final eighteen holes of the National Open Tournament will be described from the course in Minneapolis by Ted Husing: Sat., July 12, from 6 to 8 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Polo Grounds: Giants vs. Brooklyn, Fri., July 4, at 10:30 A.M. and 3 P.M., and Sat., July 5 and 12, at 3 P.M.; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Sun., July 6, at 2 P.M. (doubleheader). (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.) . . . At Yankee Stadium: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Tues., July 8, at 1:30 P.M. (doubleheader), and Wed. and Thurs., July 9 and 10, at 3 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Jerome Ave. subway.)

DOG SHOW—Long Island Kennel Club Show, Babylon, L.I., Sat., July 12.

GOLF—Invitation Tournament, Westchester Country Club, Rye, N.Y., Thurs. through Sat., July 10-12.

HUNT RACES—Suffolk Hounds and Southampton Riding and Hunt Club Meet, Southampton, L.I., Sat. Aft., July 12.

POLO—Meadow Brook Club Tournament, Westbury, L.I.: play Sat., Tues., and Thurs., at 5 P.M., weather permitting. . . . High-goal play at Fleischmann Field, Sands Point, Port Washington, L.I., every Sunday at 4 P.M., weather permitting. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L.I.R.R., at 2:09 P.M.)

RACING—Aqueduct track: last day, Fri., July 4, at 2:30 P.M. (Trains leave Penn. Sta., at intervals from 12:30 to 1:55 P.M.) . . . Empire City Track, Yonkers: races weekdays at 2:30 P.M., starting Sat., July 5. (Trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:45 P.M.)

YACHTING—Championship races on Long Island Sound: Larchmont Yacht Club, Fri. Aft., July 4; New Rochelle Yacht Club, Sat. Aft., July 5; Indian Harbor Club, Greenwich, Sat. Aft., July 12. . . . Trial races for America's Cup candidates, off Newport: Mon., July 7 through Sat., July 19.

NOTES—Two of the best swimming pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The Hotel St. George salt-water pool in Brooklyn (open until midnight) can be reached via West Side-7 Ave. subway to Clark St. Sta. . . . If you want to play tennis you might try: Plaza Tennis Courts, Riverside Dr. at Dyckman; and Notlek Courts, Riverside Dr. at 119.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly calender for readers who plan ahead.)

BOXING—Al Singer vs. Sammy Mandell, Yankee Stadium, July 17. . . . Kid Chocolate vs. Jack Berg, Polo Grounds, Aug. 7.

GOLF—Metropolitan Open, Fairview C.C., Elmsford, N.Y., July 17-19. . . . Long Island Open, Engineers C.C., Roslyn, L.I., July 28-31. . . . N.Y. State Amateur, Lakeville G.&C.C., Great Neck, L.I., Aug. 7-10.

HORSE SHOWS—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Westport, Conn., July 16-19. . . . Stamford, Conn., July 22-26. . . . Southampton Riding and Hunt Club, Southampton, L.I., Aug. 2. . . . Monmouth County, Rumson, N.J., Aug. 7-9. . . . Montauk, L.I., Aug. 12-14. . . . Newport, R.I., Aug. 14-16. . . . East Hampton Riding Club, East Hampton, L.I., Aug. 16.

MUSIC—Goldman Band outdoor concerts continue through Aug. 24. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Lewisohn Stadium, through Aug. 31.

POLO—Junior Championships, Rumson C.C., Rumson, N.J., July 12-19. . . . Rumson Tournament, Rumson, N. J., Aug. 2-16. . . . International matches, U.S. vs. Great Britain, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, L. I., start about Sept 6.

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers, through July 29. . . . Saratoga, N.Y., July 30-Aug. 30. . . . Belmont Park, Sept. 1-17.

TENNIS—Davis Cup: Interzone Finals, July 18-20; Challenge Round, July 25-27, Stade Roland Garros, Paris. . . . Invitation Tournament, Men's Doubles, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., July 26-27. . . . Invitation Tournament, Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Seabright, N. J., starts July 28. . . . Women's Invitation, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, L.I., starts Aug. 4. . . . Men's Invitation, Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I., starts Aug. 4. . . . National Women's Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, L.I., start Aug. 18.

YACHTING—Larchmont Y.C. Race Week, July 19-26. . . . New York Y.C. Cruise, New London to Newport, Aug. 1-9; Astor Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 8; King's Cup Race, off Newport, Aug. 9. . . . Trial races for selection of America's Cup defender, off Newport, Aug. 20-30. . . . America's Cup Races, off Newport, Sept. 13-25.

air-prospecting on the antenna

★ The New Fada 44—Sliding Door Lowboy, $188 without tubes

★ It's a new sport we offer those whom the new Fadas woo and win. There was, indeed, cloud-plucked entertainment before they came into glorious being. But never before was it so easily and comfortably indulged. Mused our consumer-conscious engineers: "Radio exists to be enjoyed; studios broadcast that people may have pleasure. There's been too much work involved heretofore, in chauffeuring a set through the sound-laden ether. Let the new Fadas have circuits and gadgets to lazify (their very word) the process."

And their working drawings were miraculously made flesh—or maybe wire and wood and metal. Behind the Fada features listed somewhere on this page, if the printer followed instructions, is the startling story of the newest achievements in radio. And tellingly do the Fada dealers tell it, in ten minutes of your time in front of a Fada set. Crave to listen, lest we lose our faith in human nature.

with the new and agile FADA

★

ONLY THE NEW FADAS HAVE *ALL* THESE FEATURES

- ★ Flashograph
- ★ Beautiful Cabinets
- ★ Automatic Volume Control
- ★ One Dial... One-Knob Tuning
- ★ Phonograph Connection
- ★ Local Distance Switch
- ★ Fada Dynamic Speaker
- ★ Noise Filter
- ★ Humless Operation
- ★ Two-element Detector
- ★ Pre-selector Tuning
- ★ Complete Shielding
- ★ Tubes — Nine, including three screen grid
- ★ Remote Control Shaft

FADA Radio

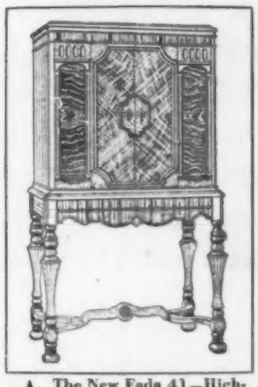
Manufactured by

F. A. D. ANDREA, INC., Long Island City, N. Y.

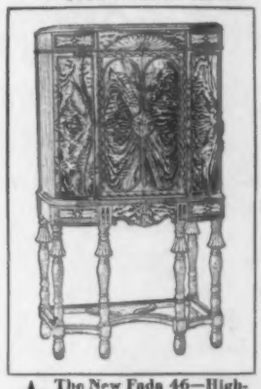
Same prices West of the Rockies, slightly higher in Canada and for Export.

★ The New Fada 42—Open Face Lowboy, $159 without tubes

★ The New Fada 47—Radio-Phonograph Combination, $328 without tubes.



★ The New Fada 41—Highboy, $218 without tubes



★ The New Fada 46—Highboy, $228 without tubes

1920 • SINCE BROADCASTING BEGAN • 1930

50,199 Women Can't Be Wrong!

Approximately that number of smart women selected Saks-Fifth Avenue's famous Fenton Last during the past few months . . . if you are one of them you might be interested to know that so many others think your way . . . if you are not . . . well, 50,199 women can't be wrong!

The Fenton Last pump in brown, beige, blue, white or parchment kid, or in black calf. 14.00

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE movie of Byrd's expedition is very much worth seeing. Pictorially it is enchanting, and on that one score it stands. Climactically it is a flop, for it has a pallid hero and an arbitrary goal. Heroes can't be forced,

as plants can, and not even thirty miles of exposed film add a cubit to Byrd's appeal. So apparent was the bathos of the final flight to a dubious spot in the snow where four men—one of them a cameraman hotly cranking—dropped a flag, turned around, and flew quickly back, that the movies had to enlist Floyd Gibbons' sterling voice to give the feat "bated breath." Byrd, somehow, is never once the hero. His modesty doesn't click, his hardihood is never apparent even though his courage is beyond question, and about him is not a single adventurous or romantic touch except his little smooth-haired fox terrier. We don't know why we don't admire Byrd more: he's flown over the Atlantic and both poles, and he's had more babies than Lindbergh. Maybe he just isn't cut out for the part.

WE are in receipt of a letter from Major Frank Pease, president of the Hollywood Technical Directors Institute—the "Roger Babson" of the movies, so the letterhead says. Inasmuch as the Major also sent a copy of the letter to the President of the United States, the Attorney-General, and the Secretaries of War and Navy, we felt we ought to read it. It is about the film "All Quiet on the Western Front." "I recommend," writes the Major, "this vile film to everyone's hostility and deepest scorn." Getting out a package of our deepest scorn, we turned to the report-sheet which the Major enclosed, giving the Institute's rating of the film. We were a little dismayed to find it starting out:

Story	Bad
Scenario	Bad
Direction	Bad
Dialect	Bad
Plausibilities	
of Plot	Bad
of Situations	Bad
of Characterizations	Bad
of Dramatic Logic	Bad

There seemed to be a kind of critical monotony about the report, which we

expected would be soon relieved. But we went on:

Interpretations of Death	Bad
Treatment of Blasphemy	Bad
Code of the Ten Commandments	Bad
Civilized Conventions of Sex	Bad
Miscegenation	(no score)
The "Social Problem"	Bad
Handling of doubles-entendres	Bad
Management Equivocal Situations	Bad
References to Heads of Governments	Bad
References to Governments (As Such)	Bad
Social Disorders	Bad
Political Propaganda	Bad

At this point we began to wonder whether the Major hadn't covered the situation pretty well. There was still more:

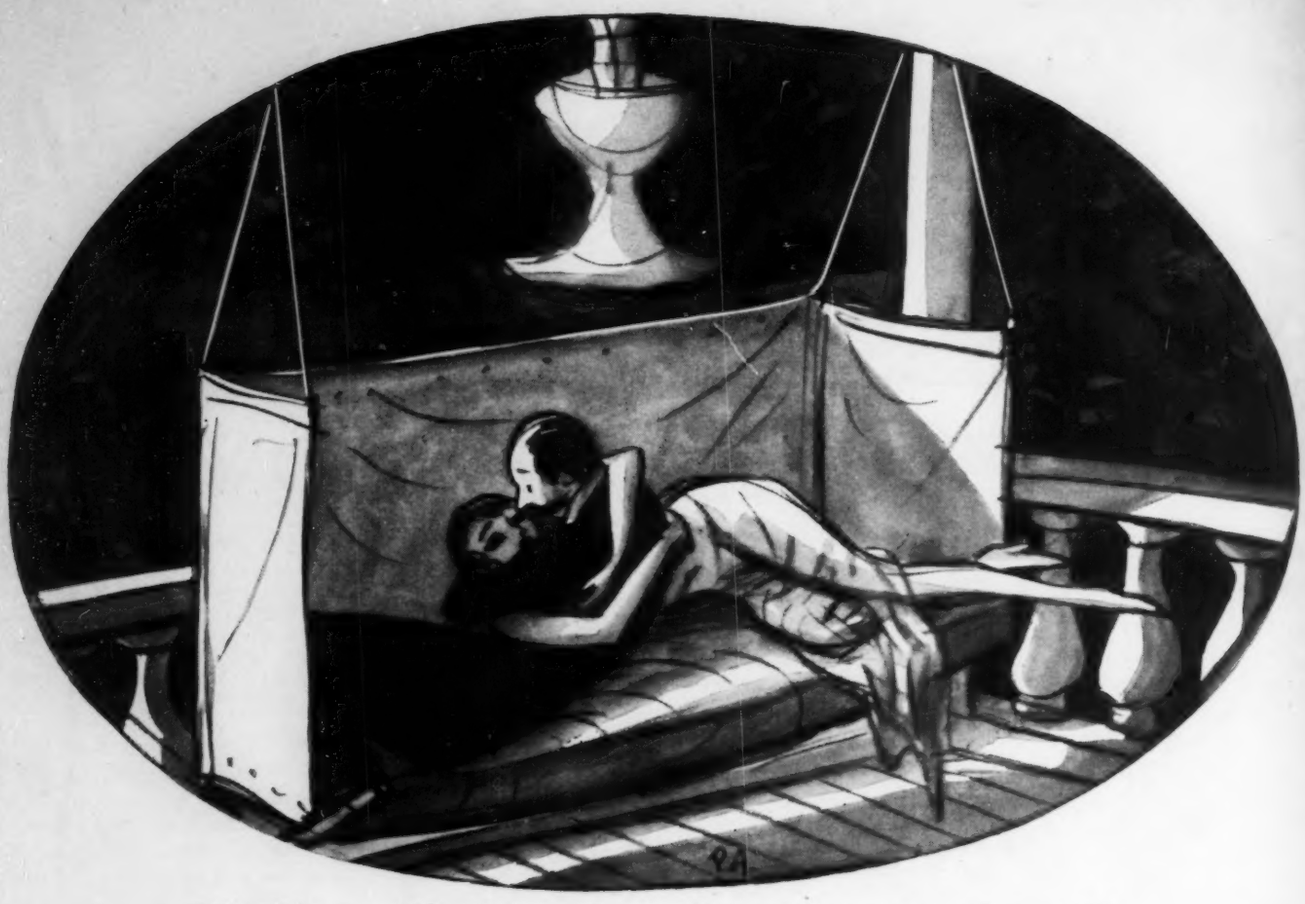
Ceremonials	
Military (All Nations)	Bad
Naval (All Nations)	Bad
Costumes	
Military (All Nations)	Bad
Naval (All Nations)	Bad
Lese-Majesties	
Of Nations	Bad
Of Institutions	Bad
Of Individuals	Bad

The report came as a complete surprise to us. People who have seen the film, however, tell us that the Major is right about the costumes—some of them *are* pretty dirty.

"DEAR Sirs," writes Mr. H. K. Butterfield of Battle Creek, Michigan, "your publication is badly handicapped by its name, for the people of the United States are not particularly interested in New York." It happens that Mr. Butterfield is right—our name is a great handicap, one, in fact, of many great handicaps against which we struggle. The name has become increasingly bothersome since the erection in Eighth Avenue of a hotel bearing the same title. We have

had other complaints about the name, notably one from a young man in France who submitted a manuscript to us when the first snows of winter were flying. His manuscript went to the New Yorker Hotel, which considered it for some time and finally rejected it on May 7, when tardy daffodils were peeping up along Thirty-fourth Street.

As for Mr. Butterfield's charge that the people of the United States are not particularly interested in New York,



"Oh, I have terribly aloof moods—you'll see when you get to know me."

• •

we don't believe it for a minute. The people of Battle Creek, Terre Haute, Toledo, Butte, and Seattle have an interest in us amounting almost to a mania. Mr. B.'s three-page typewritten letter expressing his disinterest is its own contradiction. Among businessmen of the hinterland, the interest in New York springs from jealousy of our harbor facilities and our night-club prices; among poets the interest is ambition; among young ladies of character the interest is a kind of sweet longing for the intangible attributes of a legendary city—sin and beauty.

Anthem

THE committee in charge of the reception for Rear Admiral Byrd was busy quite a while before the hero arrived, thinking up things. One of its ideas was to have a lady sing "The Star Spangled Banner" at City Hall. Not a novel idea for patriotic frenzies down there, but sound and effective. Thus it came about that a few days before the hero got to town, a committee member called up the concert manager of Dusolina Giannini, the young operatic singer, and asked if she would sing the national anthem for Byrd. About an hour later, and before anything had been settled definitely, the manager's phone rang again and an agitated apologetic voice explained that an error had been made, a grievous error. Giannini, the voice said, was splendid, the concert manager himself was fine, Byrd, the committee, and "The Star Spangled Banner" were all right too, but it just didn't seem exactly—ah—fitting, under all the superpatriotic circumstances, to have a singer with so foreign a name as Giannini sing on this particular occasion. It was announced later that Anna Case would sing instead—Molly Pitcher, Betsy Ross, and Martha Washington all being, alas, unavailable.

Teck, of Gramercy

ABOUT this time every year, Teck Hannon receives several consignments of goldfish for summer residence in the east fountain of Gramercy Park. The owners of the fish leave town feeling quite comfortable about their pets —Teck rules his little green acre with a stern and loving hand, and even temporary goldfish are sacred.

Mr. Hannon's real name is James. It was nearly thirty years ago that a little girl named Marjorie Dodge, seeing his shiny badge, jumped to the conclusion that he was a detective and named him "Teck." He has been Teck to the Park children and grown-ups ever since. His peculiar fame rests on his ability to keep the Gramercy youngsters both orderly and happy. The number has grown from a handful who lived in the brownstone houses surrounding the Park in 1902 to almost two hundred who now troop in every day from nearby apartments and hotels. Some of them are the children of Teck's first charges. One and all they respect the unwritten laws of the Park. No throwing gravel. No romping on the lawns. Anyone who does must walk five times around the Park, or sometimes ten times around, or must sit still on a bench for half an hour. Severe crimes are punishable by exclusion from the Park for a week, and if the culprit's parents turn up indignantly to intercede, it only makes it that much worse.

Only big children can run the lawnmower—one of the greatest honors that can come to a Gramercy urchin.

(Teck has a genius in these matters.) Smaller children can help rake and pick dead leaves off plants. In winter Teck invents races and games to keep the children warm, and often pauses in his work to swing a child around by an arm or a leg. Once he flooded the paths and allowed skating. He not only knows the names of the children, but he knows how they are getting on. One small boy a few years ago was being made into a sissy by his mother, until Teck quietly took him behind some bushes and taught him boxing on the sly. To his mother's astonishment he was soon scoring knockouts.

Teck guards the Park at all times, and frequently climbs a tree at night to see how things are going. It was when he was up a tree one night that one of the sons of a Park trustee brought his girl there and proposed to her right under where Teck was sitting. Teck waited five years (not in the tree) and then told them about it.

He once ran for the common council in Newton, Massachusetts, but he didn't make it.

Orange Blossoms

RECENTLY a movie director and a movie star got married in Hollywood. They planned out a huge and elaborate wedding, got the biggest church, arranged for photographers, radio hookup, and so on, and issued a thousand invitations. Unfortunately, it turned out that on the same day there was a whippet race at Tia Juana or some other rival attraction of the kind movie people all go to—anyway, as the hour of the wedding approached, only about a hundred or so guests had appeared. Things looked pretty bad but the bridegroom rose to the emergency. He called the studio, ordered a general roundup of all the extras in sight, and had them rushed over to the church. The wedding went off with great éclat.

Fire!

THE Fourth of July is always a big day in the long, low, stone building that stands in Central Park, on the Seventy-ninth Street transverse. You probably have seen it and wondered whether it was a power house or a museum. It's the Fire Alarm Telegraph Bureau. Pull down the hook in any fire-box in town, and you instantly set six or eight men in the building bobbing around. Within ten seconds after you have signalled, the engine houses are notified. Inside of a minute sirens are screaming. Four minutes later, on an average, a battalion chief phones a report to the Telegraph Bureau. Five minutes after that, the firemen are very likely to be back at the engine house playing cribbage again, for many alarms are false, one out of every five as a rule, and many more on the Fourth, when excited people, nervous mothers, etc., are ready to yell "Fire!" at the drop of a cigarette.

The main room at the alarm headquarters is large and filled with switchboards, and other devices. Phones ring, lights flash on and off, and there are buzzings, tappings, and clickings. It's confusing to the visitor, but is really simple. Roughly, here is what happens if you send in an alarm from, say, Fire-Box 131. One of hundreds of circuit boxes ranged, like lockers, around the walls buzzes loudly, and a white disc appears on it, attracting attention. Immediately the number 131 rings out—one, one-two-three, one; one, one-two-three, one. Four times. Before the echo of the first warning has died away, however, a dispatcher is hurrying engines to the vicinity of the call (where, as you know, there will be a small boy to direct the firemen to the exact house). At the same time other dispatchers are entering a record of the call, checking back, verifying, etc. They make no mistakes; it all works beautifully; the system would delight a movie director handling a big battle scene. Thousands of engine houses are at the fingertips of Tim Mahoney, chief dispatcher, and his men. In the case of a bad fire, where engine company after engine company is called out, Mahoney must shift inactive apparatus to sections of the city where protection has been cut down by the withdrawal of engine companies. These shifts are complicated and important.

A first alarm brings out three engines, two fireboats if the blaze is near a river, two hook-and-ladder wagons, one deputy chief, and two battalion chiefs. A second alarm summons three additional engines, another boat, and another hook-and-ladder. So it goes, up to a five-alarm fire, which conjures up eighteen engines, six hook-and-ladder wagons, a deputy chief (deputy chiefs are very shy and you can never get more than one to come to a fire), three battalion chiefs, a gasoline fuel wagon, and Smoky Joe Martin. The S.S. Muenchen has been the only five-alarm fire this year so far. After a five-alarmer, it is a master-alarm affair, calling for help from other boroughs, and you better move to Greenwich.

Last year, if you like figures, there were more than ten thousand alarms—two thousand of them false—turned in, in Manhattan. From Greater New York calls come in at the rate of one every twelve minutes. Many, of course, are phoned. There are eight phones on the chief dispatcher's desk. The dispatchers would much rather deal with fire-box machinery than with human nature. Once a woman called up and said her place was on fire. "Where do you live?" she was asked. "Second floor, rear!" she shouted and hung up. The call had to be traced through the phone company. Another time a man—quite calm, too, he seemed—gave directions how to get to the fire he was reporting. "Take the Lenox Avenue subway," he said, "not the West Side—and get off at One Hundred and Tenth Street."

Fire-alarm headquarters used to be in the tower in Mount Morris Park. A watchman tolled a large bell whenever he spotted a fire from his tower. The most exciting day up there, years and years ago, was when the watchman reported the sun setting over the Hudson.

Privacy

A SAILOR who wanted to kiss a girl and couldn't afford a cab ride walked with her over to the Grand Central Terminal. They mingled with the crowd which was just about to pass through the track gates, and kissed. Others were kissing, and no one paid any attention—no one except an idle

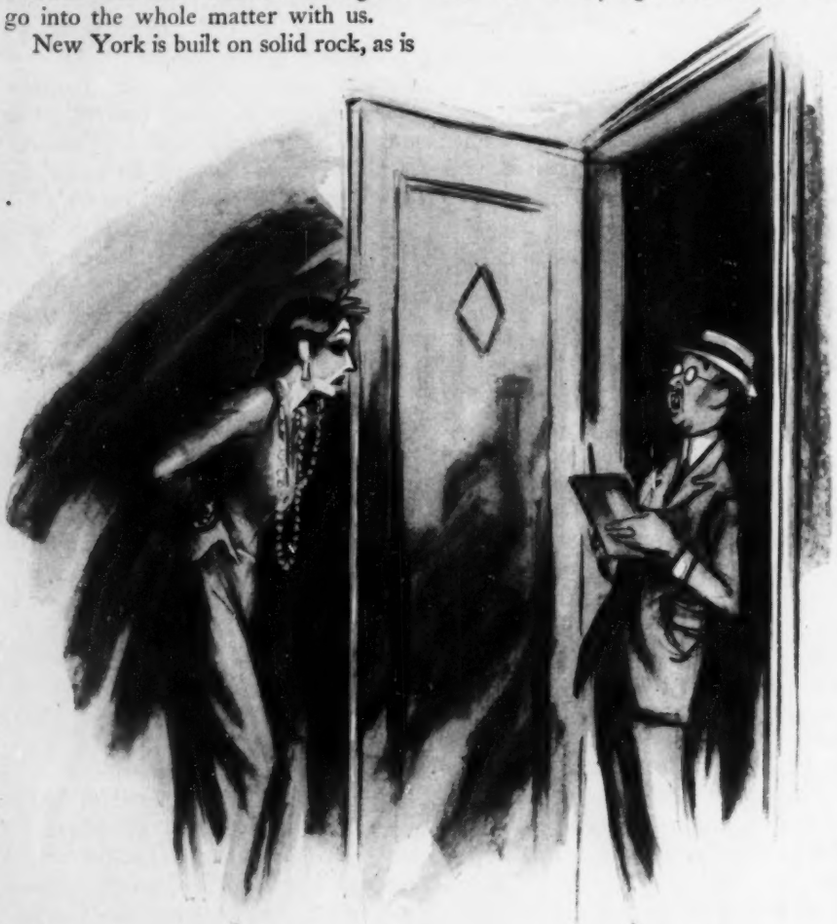
meddler who noted that neither the sailor nor the girl got on that train. They simply walked over to another gate, joined the crowd there, and kissed some more.

Weighty Matters

PSYCHOANALYSTS speak a lot about agoraphobia, which, to some of them at least, means "a fear of public places." People who have it won't go out much. This seems wholesome enough, but the point here is that a lot of agoraphobia is caused by the fear that the weight of the numerous huge buildings put up in New York of recent years is going to cause the earth's surface to crack and that the island may buckle up and sink into the ocean any time. Henry Ford has a touch of this fear. He said the other day, "Cities had better stop piling up skyscrapers—it's possible to get too much weight on the surface." Well, an engineer of repute and experience, one who himself has put up some of the buildings, advises us that there is no danger whatever, at least so far as New York is concerned. He has been kind enough to go into the whole matter with us.

New York is built on solid rock, as is generally known, and nobody can tell how deep it goes or what is underneath. Our engineer says he suspects one might bore for miles and still find rock. At any rate the ledge is capable of sustaining an enormous weight. But it doesn't have to. Astonishingly, the erection of a tall building seldom adds to the dead weight of New York City, because the rock excavated to make way for a skyscraper is likely to weigh more than the building that goes up. That newest tallest structure in the world, the Chrysler Building, considerably lightens the burden of the earth's crust. It weighs approximately sixty thousand tons. The rock and earth excavated for its foundations and basements weighed approximately a hundred and thirty thousand tons. The Chanin Building happens to be heavier than the rock it replaced, but only thirty thousand tons heavier, and the difference amounts to nothing. On the other hand the New York Life Building weighs only half as much as that used to fill the hole it covers. Thus it goes. If anyone stopped to figure it out, he might find that all the recent construction has actually lightened the load on Manhattan, what with the cubic yardage taken out in excavating for subways. It isn't as if all the rock were taken from one place on the island and dumped on another, either. It used to be that contractors would haul their material to a "fill" along Riverside Drive or somewhere. Sometimes they do now, but mostly these days, because of the traffic, the contractors haul their stone to a barge and it is towed out and dumped into the Atlantic.

We're full of facts on building. In lower Manhattan the contractors have to dig deep for rock. They had to go down one hundred and twenty-five feet to hit it under the Woolworth Building, and one hundred and sixty feet under the Municipal Building. Builders of the Bank of Manhattan had a lucky break when rock showed up at a depth of sixty feet below Wall Street. The farther north you go the closer to the surface the strata get. They're about sixty feet beneath the surface at Canal Street, thirty feet in the Thirties, very near the surface in the Grand Central zone, and they outcrop in the Morningside Heights district, jutting up a couple of hundred feet in some places. The Empire State foundation was quite a job. They went forty feet deep there. We bring this up chiefly because no trace was found of the subterranean stream which, legend had it, ran under the old Waldorf. The excavators didn't find any water. Maybe the river dried up, but the builders are inclined to believe it was a myth caused by leaky water pipes flooding the cellars of the old hotel occasionally.



"Mrs. Fenwick? I'm here to remove the bung."

Safety?

THERE is something mysterious in a quite elegant lady who rolls about town in a Rolls-Royce. She is locked in. When the car stops and she wants to get out her chauffeur descends and, solemnly taking out a key, unlocks the door and lets her out. When she reënters he locks the door after her. Two people have reported her to us but neither knows what it's all about. She was last seen going into Woolworth's opposite the Public Library.

Thousand-Dollar Hats

IF you are in the market for a thousand-dollar panama hat, as you probably aren't, one of the places to go is to Dobbs' store at Fifth and Fifty-seventh, where you will find six of them

"But darling, this is a ship."

• •

on display in a small glassed case, padlocked, near the door. They are the pick of the annual output from Ecuador, especially selected by the Ecuadorian government itself, and sent to New York more as museum pieces than for sale—just, so to speak, to show what their weavers can do in the way of a hat, when they set their minds to it. All the best panamas come from Ecuador, and none, of course, from Panama. They got that name simply because Panama used to be the great trading centre where most of them were bought and sold. Others, cheaper grades for the most part, are made in Peru and Colombia. You can tell one from the other, by the way, very easily: look inside the hat at the nub, or "button," at the centre of the crown, where the weave begins. If the "button" is perfectly round, the hat is from Ecuador; if it's square, from Colombia; in one from Peru, it's oval.

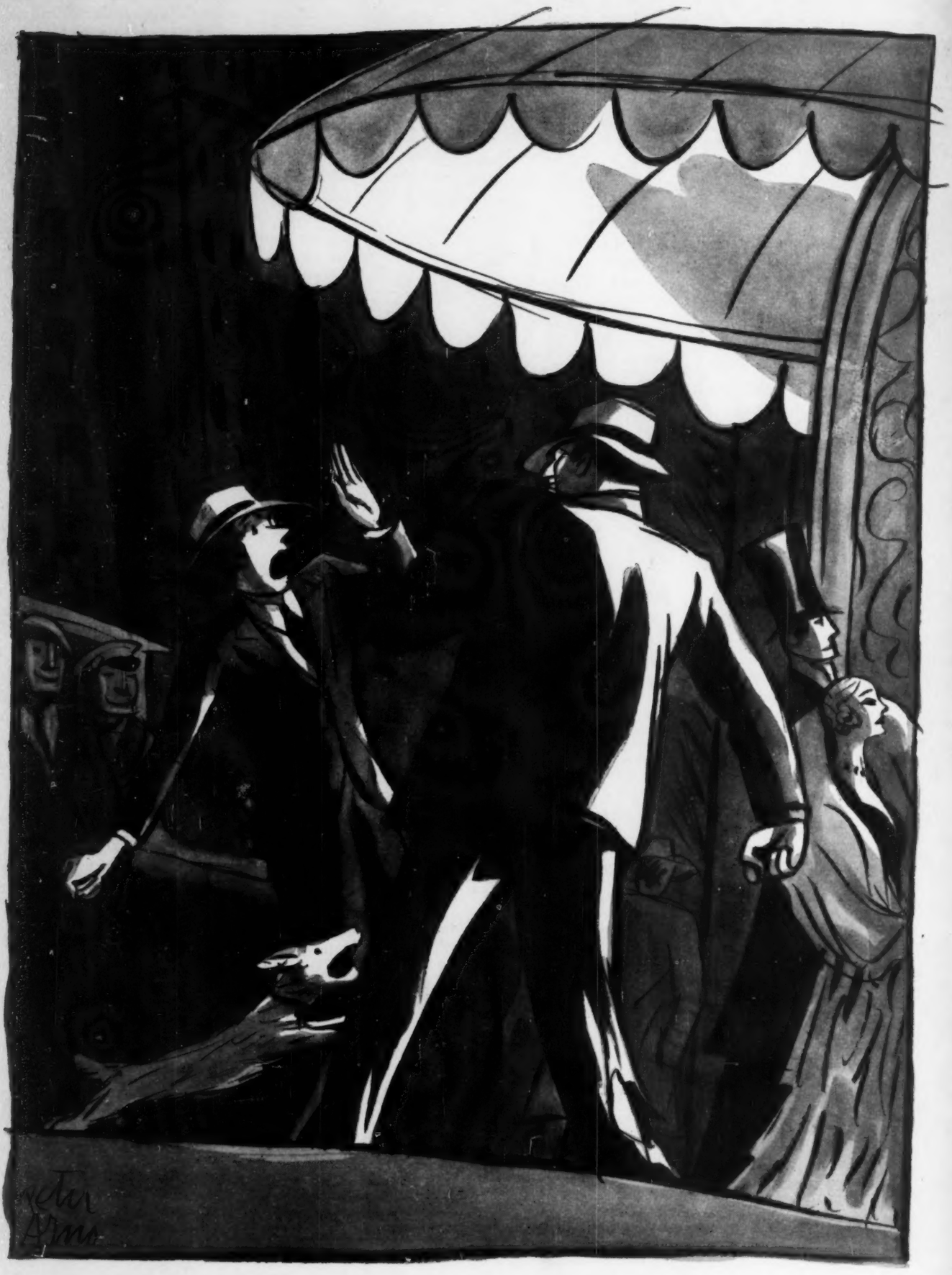
Another thing: The old legend that panamas were woven by natives sitting neck-deep in the water is just a legend, nothing more. They are woven of fibres split from the leaf of the toquilla plant, which are then dried, and sorted according to size. The Ecuadorian weavers use finer fibres, and roll them between their hands to make them round; the weavers of Peru and Colombia leave the fibres flat, which makes their hats more likely to curl and crack. Nobody does any weaving under water, but in making cheaper hats, the fibres are dipped occasionally, to keep them damp. Again, the Ecuadorians do things better. They do all their weaving during the few hours, early morning or late afternoon, when the very air of the tropic day is moist.

There are only thirteen weavers in the world able to turn out hats light enough (half an ounce to an ounce is the weight) and fine enough in texture to be worth a thousand dollars. All thirteen are Inca Indians, living in one town, Monte Cristi, in the mountains of Ecuador. It takes each man three months to a year to make one of these hats.

The six thousand-dollar hats displayed at Dobbs establish something of a record for panamas in New York. Up to now, the highest price has always been around five hundred dollars, and few people had money enough, or wanted, to pay as much as that. Last year Flo Ziegfeld had one. So did Clarence Mackay and so did one of John E. Andrus' sons.

Advice

ONE of those distressing incidents occurred in Madison Avenue last Thursday. A motorist had done something and the traffic officer had waved him in to the curb and was addressing to him a few firm words. He took out his pad and pencil to write out a summons. "Now, let me tell you something!" said the automobilist. "Save it for tomorrow," replied the policeman. "Save it for tomorrow when you start to tell your friends. It'll be a lot better story by then." —THE NEW YORKERS



"Now stop and think a minute—did I bite you?"

X-RAY

ON this occasion I was taking one of my sitting-up exercises which hardly ever last less than forty-eight hours and in fact I hold an unofficial record of sixty hours at the Friars Club, but it has never been allowed by the A.A.U. because it was done in dinner clothes and the only people that get up in such costumes are those who are called on for speeches. I might state four uninteresting facts in connection with this Friars Club sitting: One was that five of the best music-writers in New York played their latest stuff and it all sounded good (at the time); another was that I and whoever happened to be with me at the moment ordered five meals and rejected them as fast as they were brought in; the third was that in this era they had kind of silly traffic laws in New York (not that that differentiates the era from any other era)—the code being that your car could face east for twelve hours and then must face west for twelve hours—and it was necessary to find a couple of bellmen capable of making the desired alterations at six A.M. and six P.M.; and the fourth was that though I was not even a neophyte when I entered the monastery, my long sojourn made me a regular member and I have been a Friar from those days and nights to this, probably because of some obscure squatters' law. Will say in conclusion of this interminable paragraph that the function occurred in June and I had no topcoat and the urge to get home and weed the bathtub came at high noon, and it was kind of embarrassing passing all those policemen in dinner clothes instead of the conventional pajamas.

NOW then, we come to the occasion I started out to tell about and I began by visiting the home of George S. Kaufman. I arrived at nine o'clock on the theory that neither George nor Peaches would be up yet and I would have a chance to romp a while with their daughter, Margaret. George was aroused about half-past ten by his pompadour tickling his latissimus dorsi. This was quite a relief, as either Margaret or I—I can't remember which—was by this time tired of romping. George got up and changed his underwear and we sat down to talk about a play that will win the Pulitzer Prize as soon as they get some brains on the committee.

As usual George walked back and forth picking fauna off the rug and now and then giving voice to an idea or line that would have done credit to the master of ceremonies at a night club. There was a slight interruption of three hours while Peaches invited the Manhattan Telephone Directory to dinner. At length she asked me:

"What are you going to do tonight?"

"Nothing," I said.

"Golly Moses!" she exclaimed. "I wish I were in your place."

Along about five o'clock, George said, "Who can you see as the male lead?"

"Well," I replied, "before answering that question, I should like to know what the play is about and whether the male lead is going to be a track-walker or a priest."

"One of us," said George, "ought to spend the evening at the Lambs Club and look over the different fellows between twenty-one and a hundred and twenty-one. And the queer part is that I am not a Lamb and Peaches always likes to have me here at a dinner party to carve the bird."

SO the next night at eight I ran into Dorothy ("Spark Plug") Parker and we went places until I got tired of her and I landed at the stagedoor of the Broadhurst hoping I could pick up somebody and it was Harry Rosenthal who his press agent said his left foot had just been insured for sixty-two cents so there would be no temptation for him to fool with the soft pedal. Harry left me with two girls on my hands and I took them to Reuben's hoping the last-named would at least have the grace to christen one layer of a sandwich in my honor, but all the waiters acted as if I were still living in Niles, Michigan, and the girls soon joined another party and the only person in the joint that seemed to recognize me was Rosie Dolly who hadn't seen me for nine years, but she got up and shook hands and said, "I am Rosie Dolly," and I said, "You don't have to tell me that because I can always tell you girls apart the instant you say you are Rosie Dolly." This went over with a bang and I was quickly out in the street with nobody to talk to but a taxi-man and I gave him my home address though I wasn't at all sleepy and when I got home I took some paraldehyde and plunged into the vacant bathtub thinking it was breakfast and along about noon my patella began to hurt and we had to call Dr. Tyson and after five days he persuaded me to go down to St. Vincent's where they could take an X-ray, but I didn't give in until he promised to have me sent there in an ambulance.

It was a private ambulance from Brooklyn and the minute I saw the driver and his assistant I knew who had killed Rothstein.

IN an ambulance they make you ride lying down, whereas you can take your choice in a taxi. My nurse was Miss Adelaide O'Donnell, a French-Canadian who can't speak either language, but she made me understand that they would like to know which side I would prefer to ride on. A problem. If I rode on my right side I couldn't see Bergdorf-Goodman's and if I laid on my left I couldn't see Thomas Cook & Son. So I compromised by lolling on my back and couldn't see anything but the roof of the car.

Boy, if you have got expensive tastes, don't ever get the ambulance habit. It didn't make any difference whether the X-ray was taken now or next Advent, but everybody got out of our way and we didn't pay any attention to traffic signals. It cost eighteen dollars, but it was with real regret that I said goodbye to the gangsters when they dropped me four feet from their stretcher to the X-ray man's toboggan. From now on I will walk rather than ride in the taxi.

The X-ray man took some very good likenesses of my leg in different poses and I intend to autograph them and sell them to my fans—ten cents for the calf and a quarter for the entire limb. He made many a wisecrack during the photography, but I am saving them all for the Erie company of "June Moon."

—RING LARDNER

OF ALL THINGS

THERE have at last been a few hopeful signs in the stock market. Wall Street hopes that at this crucial time the President and his cabinet will refrain from announcing that everything looks just dandy.

•

Early reports were pessimistic but it now turns out that there are practically seven million of us New Yorkers. At the darkest hour Queens and the Bronx came to the rescue and saved us from a fate worse than death.

•

Attention is called by the Lambs to the grave state of unemployment among actors. It would be a graceful act on the part of all newspaper columnists to withdraw from the stage until this crisis is passed and take up writing.

•

The President will not grant the petition of the homesick Senators asking that the navy-reduction treaty go over until fall. July in Washington is exactly the right time to reduce.

•

By all means let us have a so-called fight between Schmeling and Primo Carnera. Such a contest would win back to the sad world the lost art of hearty laughter.

•

Some of our publishers remain gloomy upon the subject of cheap books. They say that nobody will pay a dollar for a book when he can get one just as good for three.

•

The Communists have been having a national convention here. The comrades had a lot of good clean fun purging the party of each other.

•

Economists show that the dollar is worth more today than at any time since 1916. If you have any doubt about this, ask the man who owns one.

•

The Indian Nationalists denounce the report of the Simon Commission in well-chosen words. "Even if it was good," they say, "we wouldn't like it."

•

The White House wine glasses have been packed up and put into the storeroom, there to await the dawn of a brighter day.

•

A New Jersey dry asks us to remember that the Nineteenth Amendment is still enforced in that state. What that amendment needs is a good press agent.

•

Colonel Woodcock pledges himself to discharge his duties with strict regard for the law and the Bill of Rights. Something tells us that he will not be the idol of the Anti-Saloon League's dreams.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Is it English tailoring? Didn't I cut it with my own hands!"

•

PORTRAIT OF A LADY

She who carried
Her heart in her hand
Lost it in
A hostile land.

Now her hand
And her empty side
By emptiness
Are fortified.

Now her laughter
Has the sound
Of water over
Stony ground,

And she may walk
Where she may choose,
Having nothing
More to lose.

—FRANCES M. FROST

A VILLA IN BRITTANY

ORRY

WHEN at the eleventh hour Marthe was engaged to cook for the Motts and the Poulters, summer proprietors of the Villa *Ha! Ça Me Plaît!*, one of her first and most reasonable questions had to do with the other servants. She was told that there would be a maid, Isabelle, and a man, Henri, both from the country of the Basque. Marthe voiced none of the dismay she must as a good Northerner have felt at such a misfortune, merely inquired somewhat closely—but none the less good-humoredly—in her deep, gentle voice, whether Henri's employment was to be that of *valet de chambre* or *maître d'hôtel*. This question distressed Mrs. Mott and Mrs. Poulter a good deal; neither was naturally attuned to butlers and valets, and moreover knew anything of Henri beyond the fact that he, like Isabelle, was young and "willing." They thought it best to conceal these unworthy misgivings, and told Marthe that he was to be *maître d'hôtel*.

WHEN the Poulters and the Motts arrived at the villa late one hot June night with their half-dozen young children, their one-sixth dozen nurses, and their several dozen pieces of baggage, they found the servants, who had preceded them to make all ready, not literally sitting in dispirited and tearful groups waiting to be let in out of the rain, but somehow giving that impression. As a matter of fact it was not raining, and they had been inside all day. This, however, seemed to be the extent of the good news. There was an air of things having been picked up and put down, of what's the use. The respectful cries of doorstep welcome, the relief of responsibility surrendered, gave way at the first "*Comment ça va?*" to a report, submitted by a committee of the whole, of desolation and want, of an army with the spirit of attack but no supplies and weapons. One had done what one could: but there was nothing ("*rien-rien-yan-yan-yan*") to cook with, to clean with, to make life supportable for *messieurs et mesdames*, let alone for selfrespecting servants; no *vaisseaux*, no Javel water (that singularly odorous and universal cleaning fluid), an insufficiency of *assiettes*, *verres*, and *que voulez-vous*. These deficiencies were not pointed out in a spirit of complaint; rather with the gloomy pride of a graveyard caretaker. True, the *argenterie* and the *draps* had arrived, both rented from the *agence*, so at least the beds were made and a supper of sorts could be eaten; and the electric lights worked. But it could not be said that merriment reigned supreme that first evening—there was nothing in the way of dancing and light wine. Nor are children at their most winsome after a twelve-hour train ride across the breadth of France, with changes, on the first really hot day of summer. Neither are their mothers; neither, it is perhaps superfluous to add, are their fathers.

As soon as the children had been fed, cudgelled, and put to bed, a joint tour of inspection was undertaken, starting at the kitchen, which was in the cellar. There it was discovered that the servants had put their own beds in two stone-floored, windowless vegetable closets, in the belief that the rooms *au troisième* would be needed for the little ones. The inspection stopped right there, in horror; the beds were instantly moved upstairs as earnest of further benefactions to come, and every member of the household chose sleeping accommodations and got into them, tired but unhappy.

SUCH is the power of good will, however, that hardly a week had passed before the fatigue and misery of the first night had been forgotten, the household had dropped into easy ruts, and the servants had been bribed into coöperation by the lavish purchase of all those utensils that were supposed to come with the villa. The Poulters and the Motts had even learned not to shudder at the chocolate and orange wallpaper, the purple plush chairs, and the grayish lace draped from the tall windows—though they never quite got used to seeing, over the fireplace where the chimney ought to be, a large plate-glass window.

They had become acquainted with the servants, too: they knew Marthe's solid pride in her *métier de cuisine*, her indifference to inconvenience and discomfort so long as her skill in cooking was not affected. They admired her for her good humor, her native dignity and common sense, her imperturbable indifference to any time off, her wit, her capacity to cook—on a small coal stove and without running water—six meals a day for sixteen people at twenty-two dollars a month. They became further acquainted with the madonna-like little Isabelle, with her shining hair drawn back from her wide, white forehead, and learned that her shy, demure manner concealed a fairly savage temper and a hard peasant selfinterest. She did the rooms fairly well, helped Marthe with sufficient grace, sewed passionately, and struck up an instant friendship with Yvonne, the Poulter's nurse, a bouncing, sophisticated Parisienne who no doubt taught Isabelle much that would be of value to a young woman with her future ahead of her.

THEY came to know Henri, too. The other servants called him 'N*rri*, and in fact could be heard calling him, constantly, shrilly, whenever they wanted anything done. The children called him Orry, and so, after a time, did their parents. It seemed to fit him. Poor Orry: it was evident, by his little airs and graces, that he saw himself as a peculiarly admirable Crichton—a combination in which the perfect chauffeur predominated, with undertones of the trained butler and valet; and as tokens of his qualifications he displayed on one hand his *permis de conduire*, obtained God knows how, and on the other a frayed and ill-fitting *smok-ing*, which he loved to put on at the least suspicion of guests for dinner, in the hope that he would be asked to help serve.

He was first tried at waiting, but from excess of zeal or native nervousness he betrayed a tendency, most upsetting to peaceful degustation, to whisk and scamper about the table. A dumbwaiter from the kitchen he distrusted for some reason of his own, preferring to run the courses up the cellar stairs and appear moist and panting, sometimes with the dish intact, sometimes not. The breakage grew, he was banished to the beds-and-brooms department, and Isabelle put in his place. His first eager experiment with the Renault was equally disastrous. It ended, after a glorious downhill run of twenty

yards, against the front gatepost, and for a time thereafter he was permitted only to lave, not to conduct, the *voiture*. Fortunately the running-water system gave out almost at once, and Orry was found to be just the man to fetch buckets from the well, in addition to other tasks like carrying wood and coal, burying garbage, washing dishes, sweeping, making beds and running errands—his pride impaired, but not his usefulness.

Orry was perhaps seventeen, claiming twenty; a thin youth with deep, doglike, swimmy eyes in a sallow face, and a lock of black hair that alternately fell like a curtain over his eyes and was tossed back over his head. Shy, polite, wistful, hoarsely respectful in his queer Basque patois, continually puzzled by the strange ways and commands of the foreigners; unable to do anything quite correctly, yet by his eagerness to serve escaping blame, he whizzed about the house on felt-slippered feet, stopping here and there to stir up a little cloud of dust with his broom, leaving a bed half-made and permanently forgotten to answer a peremptory come-hither from the kitchen, dashing from the well to help start the car; he was always busy, always willing, and never finished anything.

"Imagine! Stuffed Indians!"

AFTER his first mishap with the Renault, Orry humbly asked permission to accompany *messieurs et mesdames* on their day trips, for which he offered to give up his evening off. This was a sacrifice on his part, because his free night was spent among the angels, down at the local garage, either under some dismembered motor or respectfully hanging about the skirts of lounging chauffeurs. Yet he was glad to give up all this for the privilege of riding, now and then, in an actually moving car; that was his idea of paradise. He received permission. He sat on a *strapontin*, spoke never a word, and listened dreamily to the celestial music of the gears and valves, and was sometimes made happy by being allowed to change a *crevé d'pneu* or clean a dirty plug. Later he was permitted to practice driving again, and except

for a tendency to show how fast he could dash through a group of children on bicycles, and a contempt for pedestrians both human and bovine, he became in time expert enough to take the other servants out to drive on their night off—a veritable chauffeur.

His serious pride in this duty was beautiful to behold. He, Henri, slave to a multitude of women, was metamorphosed the instant his hand touched the wheel into a stern young ruler, a godling contemptuous of all creatures feminine and domestic, one who laughed gaily instead of sheepishly, issued curt directions instead of humbly obeying them. He would have been even more impressive in this rôle if the females had paid the slightest attention to it; but to them Henri was still 'N*rri*, their subservant, and they didn't even laugh at him.

ONCE a week, however, he was officially chauffeur, and on the whole the summer passed happily for him. He drove the women to neighboring beaches, stopped for a dance and a glass of something at the casinos, the while he himself stayed near the car as a chauffeur should, no doubt hoping that someone would ask if it belonged to him. Then one night the party came home exceptionally early, burst like a respectful explosion into the salon, where their masters were playing cards, and began laying shrill and passionate complaints. Henri, Isabelle, and Yvonne were in tears, Henri had a beautiful black eye, and only Marthe retained her selfpossession.

Mr. Poulter finally stood up: "Silence, you others," he said. "Marthe, what is it that has arrived, name of a name? Explain all, I pray it of you."

Marthe's quiet voice quelled the *brouhaha*. They had driven north after the dinner, see you, *messieurs et 'dames*, as always, and had directed themselves to a new beach on the other side there. On the way they had been misdirected by a stupid old, and after a time had found themselves at a division of the way. From the tonneau Isabelle and Yvonne counselled taking the left; Henri had promptly taken the right, and from then on had unquestionably undergone much back-seat driving. Soon the road ended on a lonely cliff overlooking the sea, a bad place to turn round even had Yvonne not taken that opportunity to remark, in a motherly voice, "*Là! Stupide*, I told you so!" It was too much for Henri. In spite of the danger he turned in his seat and snarled a few words of purest Basque at Yvonne, which the obliging Isabelle, with great presence of mind, instantly translated into their common French equivalent. Then arose a *tohubohu*: Yvonne, unaware that she was mutinously attacking the leader of an expedition, leaped forward and socked Orry in the eye; Orry forgot the car and reached for a handful of Yvonne, and the party was saved from sudden death only by Marthe's presence of mind with the emergency brake. And although Henri's language had been undeniably naughty, Marthe concluded judicially, Yvonne's attack was worse, for was it not an axiom of *le tourisme* that one should never assault the conductor as long as the carriage is in motion?

THUS ended Orry's brief interval of glory. He was recompensed to some extent by being taken along on *pique-niques* whenever possible, and, at the end of the summer, by receiving a wholly mendacious testimonial recommending him as "*un chauffeur et mécanicien bien instruit, entendu, capable, et dévoué*"—a document which the Poulters and the Motts justified only by thinking of it as a prediction. They were sorry for his next employer, but felt utter confidence that Henri's passionate devotion to his chosen *métier* would some day crown their words with truth. As Marthe said, "*C'est un garçon sérieux, enfin, ce petit.*" France has no higher praise for her more humble sons.

—Donald Moffat

•

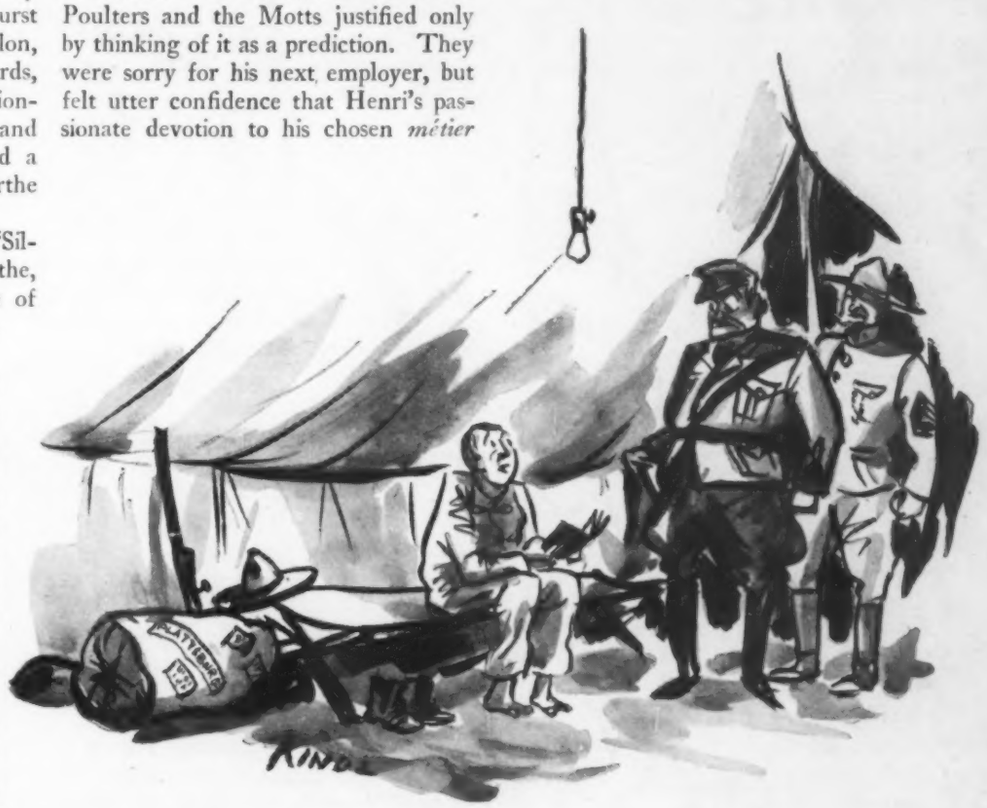
PENELOPE

Her life was bounded by the quiet room
  Where she sat daily weaving, tranquil-browed,
Not sad, but gray and delicate as doom
  She worked upon the never-finished shroud.

One night a tuneless whistle in the dark
  Came down the lane and halted at the gate.
Her eye was kindled to a watchful spark,
  But still her labor did not hesitate,

Until the stranger called the ancient hound—
  The shuttle dropped, the busy thread went slack,
He tripped upon the mat; there rose loud sound.
  "Telemachus," she breathed, "your father's back."

—Persis Greely Anderson



"Just one more chapter, sir, and I promise you I'll go to bed."

THE RUSSIAN SOUL

"OH, I'm so miserable," said one of the characters on the stage, and Mr. Bondy in the first row snorted.

"Ugh," said Mr. Bondy to his companion, *sotto voce* and yet so loudly that Miss Kaye remarked behind scenes later that it was a nasty, noisy, unappreciative audience. "Ugh," went on Mr. Bondy, "that is the Russian soul—just that great, vague, miserable Russian soul."

Mr. Bondy had his hat in his hands and was perched on the very edge of his seat ready to bolt ten minutes before the final curtain fell.

"I'M sorry you had such a wretched time," murmured Mr. Bondy's host as they strolled toward Broadway. "I never should have asked you—I really thought, though—"

"Oh, I'm glad to have seen it," said Mr. Bondy, his step lightening, his stick swinging more airily as the strident crowds shuffled about them. "But what nonsense! What preposterous nonsense! Just because it is translated from the Russian it's a great play. If David Belasco and Owen Davis had put it on—oh, you intellectuals, you nervous, vibrant little intellectuals, how you would have jumped on it. That speech about meeting mother in the hereafter! Oh, no, that is not sentimental rubbish—not in this case—just because it's Russian."

"I remember 'The Cherry Orchard' with the Moscow Art," said Mr. Bondy's companion, who was a Mr. Peck. "Not a word, of course, did I understand, and you know there is very little action. A very fashionable audience. We were quite a party. Crowds assembled on the stage. They talked—they wept—they came and they went. Azalea Pugh was with us. Suddenly a middle-aged man appeared on the stage, for no reason that I could see, pushing a baby carriage. 'I've been looking everywhere for a male nurse,' Azalea said, quite loudly. It somehow seemed very funny. We got to laughing—"

MR. BONDY took Mr. Peck by the elbow and led him through a long passage, up a stairway, into a large room with a bar along one side, and on the other some tables. They sat down at one of the tables and Mr. Bondy gave a strenuous order.

"Hum-hum," said Mr. Bondy, looking about him with an agreeable smile. "Nothing Russian about this! Oh, I am glad to have seen it. I shall tell Mary Kaye—a lovely girl, lovely, off the stage, that I have seen her—she will be pleased."

"No doubt," said Mr. Peck.

The gentlemen applied themselves to their beverages.

"It's just the sort of play Kaye would like to be in. Not a happy woman."

Mr. Peck was amazed.

"Why not? She's had great success. She is charming. I hear that her husband is devoted to her."

Mr. Bondy shook his head.

"It's her temperament. New England, you know. Yes, she's from Maine. It's grim up there—except for Bar Harbor. I thought that the Humphreys—you know, those friends of mine—would ask me to Bar Harbor but they haven't. I think they are very upset these days, the Humphreys—moody, you know. Belle Humphreys broods. She always did. I told Bill before he married her that she looked moody to me. That Minnesota Middle Western thing! Bill is a bit that way himself, that old rundown New York stock. Exhausted! However, I had rather counted on the trip up there. It upsets my plans for the summer. A bore!"

Mr. Bondy sighed. The good humor left his face, and he toyed with his glass before taking a good long gulp.

"Oh, hum," he sighed, "I may go to Europe. I can't go home. They're tired of me up there. I don't want to go home anyhow. I get shut up in the house with the family and go half-crazy. We all go crazy together. Fight like dogs. Sometimes I think of going into some sort of business. But why? I have all the money I need. Then selling out just before the crash came last fall—making that big haul—it would be absurd to go into any money-making enterprise. Sometimes I wish I would lose my money. It would be an incentive."

Mr. Peck was distressed to see Mr. Bondy look so unhappy.

"There's Louisiana—"

"What, the Gaylords? Oh, my God!" Mr. Bondy groaned at the very idea of the Gaylords. "Those Southern families—their past glories—shut up in their house—talk—talk—talk—nothing but talk—and mint juleps. Oh, yes, I concede their mint juleps. Why travel, though, for a mint julep?" Mr. Bondy hailed the waiter, who was beginning now to take a personal interest in them.

A FEW minutes later Mr. Bondy announced that he was fifty years old, and that there wasn't a single thing or person in the world to interest him. Nowhere to go. Nothing to do. Half an hour later he remarked to Mr. Peck that he had been taught properly as a boy to believe in God, but sometimes he wondered—just wondered about the meaning of it all. The futility of life. Mr. Bondy, in fact, was approaching the verge of tears.

"Don't," said Mr. Peck, who hated tears, or scenes of any sort. "Oh, Bondy, we must go now. After all, things aren't so bad. We're not in Russia anyhow."

Mr. Bondy snivelled in the passageway.

"Yes," he gulped. "Yes, thank God we're not in Russia."

—JOHN CHAPIN MOSHER

•

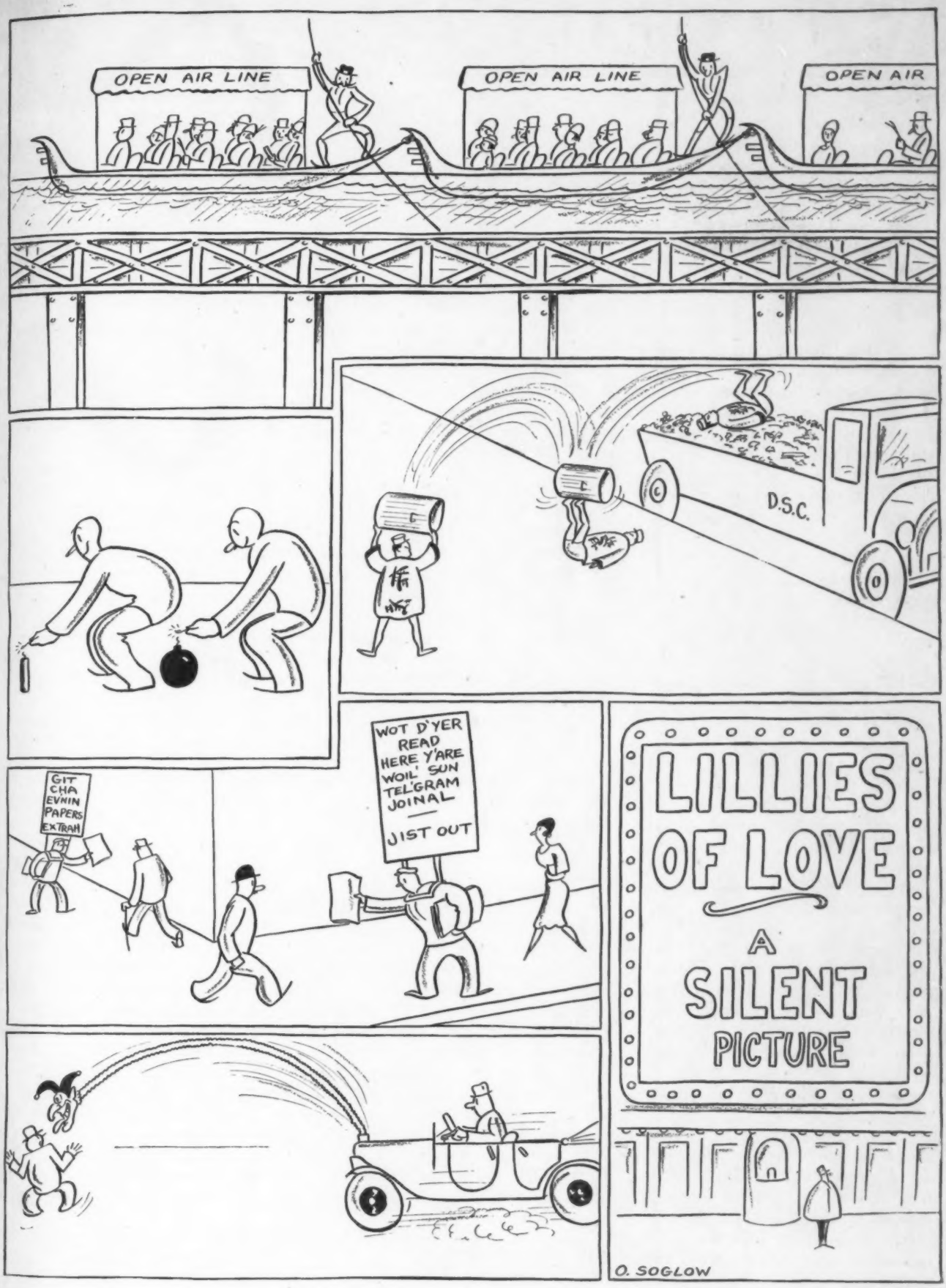
SONG FOR A LATE HOUR

From the cupboard the mouse,
From the cranny the beetle
Cry aloud through the house
The name of my ways,
And the troubled house says,
God help the poor man!

And I at my table
With my face in my fingers
Hear what I am able.
And that is not mice
Nor roaches nor wood-lice,
But the breath of a man.

Who am I to have coins
For traps and for poison;
I, in whose loins
Is the fire of all creatures;
I, in whose features
Is the shape of the mind?

—RAYMOND HOLDEN



ABATING THE NOISE EVIL

PROFILES

THEY WERE ELEVEN

IN the story of Margaret Sanger there is meat for modern psychologists, with their passion for explaining people in terms of what happened to them at the age of four. The birth-control prophetess was one of eleven children.

"My mother died in her forties; my father enjoyed life till he was in his eighties," is her pungent comment on the size of the family. It doesn't require an Adler to link up that remark with Mrs. Sanger's opinions about unlimited offspring. There is another bit of biographical data worth mentioning: one of her parents was a Catholic. In view of her long and bitter duel with the Catholic Church over the alleged sinfulness of contraception, that circumstance is artistic, to say the least. She came of an Irish family named Higgins, living in Corning, New York, where her father made his living in part by chiselling out stone angels for the local churches. Whether the angels were directly responsible it would be hard to say, but he ended as a flaming disciple of Robert Ingersoll.

With something of this same paternal zeal young Margaret set out to improve the world, but her first step was a conventional one. She became a nurse. After her graduation from the Corning high school she studied at Claverack College in Hudson, New York; then took a nurse's training course in White Plains and finished at Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. For several years she followed the accepted round, now in hospitals, now in private homes, now volunteering to care for the very poor. Then chance sent her to the bedside of a poverty-stricken woman who was at death's door with septicemia, following the birth of her third or fourth child. Margaret Sanger nursed her for several weeks, saw her through; finally came the day when the doctor paid his farewell visit. Wagging a jovial finger at the sufferer, he warned her that if she persisted in having babies she would die of it the next time. When she asked how to keep from having babies, the man of medicine shrugged his shoulders. A year later Mrs. Sanger was summoned again; the wretched woman had ignored his advice, and she died, as predicted.

The episode touched off a train of powder which was lying already prepared, no doubt, in the mind of the brown-eyed nurse whose mother had borne eleven children. She blazed into fuliginous wrath against doctors and man-made laws. Her "vulgar and sensational" propaganda has been much condemned by medical men, who want lives to be saved in accordance with professional etiquette or not at all. Laxer people, on the other hand, make quite the opposite criticism; they feel that Mrs. Sanger has at times unnecessarily pulled in her horns. She has given a misleading impression now and then, or has allowed her associates to give it—an impression of timidity and conservatism which is so foreign to her disposition as to be positively funny.

You know what she looks like: one of those harmless, meek-appearing little women whom wise men are wary of arousing. With her soft, dark eyes and the absence of dash in her attire she seems about as dangerous as a little brown wren. Perhaps you have noticed, however, that her full, firm lips press shut in an upward curve, so that her face in repose looks almost smiling—the expression of one who bites off nails with all the amiability in the world. The art of chic is not her strong point; she impresses one as being ill at ease among technicalities of any description. The magnetism which she unquestionably has is the kind that shines out from inside.

TO appreciate her qualities one must go back to the grand old days when the birth-control movement was a one-woman affair, without boards of directors, money, or other encumbrances. Sixteen years ago she was publishing a paper called *The Woman Rebel*, which enjoyed a brief but glorious career of nine issues before it was suppressed by the federal authorities. Its motto was: "No gods, no masters!" Its pages were sprinkled with aphorisms, such as: "A woman's duty: To look the whole world in the face with a go-to-hell look in the eyes; to have an ideal; to speak and act in defiance of convention." Another was: "The rebel woman claims the right to be an unmarried mother."

Some years previously the fair editor had gone radical with a whoop. She had attracted attention as a sympathizer with the Lawrence textile strikers in 1912 and the Paterson silk strikers in 1913, and when her paper came out it mixed its birth-control propaganda with a good deal of red-flag-waving and perorations of the "Workers of the World, Arise!" variety. She printed rousing contributions entitled "A Defense of Assassination" and "The Song of the Bomb," and composed an editorial declaring:

> Even if dynamite were to serve no other purpose than to call forth the spirit of revolutionary solidarity and loyalty, it would prove its great value.

After the first issue of the newspaper in March, 1914, the Post Office authorities tapped Mrs. Sanger on the shoulder and told her it wouldn't do; she hurled defiance at them. In August she was arraigned in a federal court, charged with using the mails "to incite murder and assassination," and to circulate obscene literature (*i.e.*, to advocate birth control). *The Woman Rebel* expired. Today Mrs. Sanger speaks of it in a tone which is half wistfulness, half pride. If you venture the remark that her utterances now seem more cautious than they used to be, she agrees readily.

"Oh yes—people get hold of you," she says with a helpless gesture.

WHEN the federal government proceeded with her indictment in February, 1915, she fled to England, and while she was gone her husband was arrested for giving out a copy of her pamphlet on "Family Limitation."

Margaret Sanger

He had given it to one of Anthony Comstock's detectives, who presented himself as a poor man with numerous progeny. The pamphlet was explicit, and a scandalized judge named McInerney sentenced Mr. Sanger to thirty days. After a year of study and meditation abroad, Mrs. Sanger came back with a change of heart in favor of martyrdom; she was now more than willing to be prosecuted but the federal officials dropped the indictment. Little was heard from her henceforth about the World Revolution. She realized that the two movements did not mix.

In the autumn of 1916 she and two other women engaged rooms in an overpopulated section of Brooklyn and went to work openly, though not noisily, to supply contraceptive information to local housewives, in defiance of Section 1142 of Article 106 of the Criminal Code of New York. They were arrested, and Mrs. Sanger received a thirty-day sentence. But while her conviction was upheld by the Court of Appeals, the decision affirmed the right of physicians to give contraceptive advice "for the cure and prevention of disease," thus opening a crack in the long-barred door.

In 1923 she started the first contraceptive clinic in America, with doctors in charge, and in seven years some eighteen thousand women have been advised there. High-priced obstetricians often send their private patients, and slightly bewildered ladies from uptown wait in bare anterooms with Jewish and Italian mothers who appear to have brought the entire family. Mrs. Sanger's clinic has served as the model for others throughout the country, and there are frequent deputations of visiting doctors who stand around observing how things are done, to the consternation of the uptown ladies. There are now fifty-five such clinics in various states where the letter of the law does not forbid, but where public opinion, pre-Sanger, had been a deadening weight. Ten hospitals in New York City today give contraceptive advice, although ten years ago their boards would have swooned at the suggestion.

LIKE other Malthusians, Mrs. Sanger dwells upon the nice, safe, soothing arguments for family limitation: the economic horrors of large families, the need of giving every little one its chance, the dangers of breeding the unfit. These arguments are worthy

"Our last ball."
"Thank God!"

and plausible but, as any parlor psychoanalyst will tell you, they only half-state the case. On the other hand, when you state that large families are an "outrage upon the woman," you are getting down to brass tacks. When you assert that woman has been "a brood animal for the masculine civilizations of the world," you may cause controversy, but you are not beating around the bush. From time to time, in such remarks as these, Mrs. Sanger has let herself go and revealed a feminism so violent as to scare half her supporters out of their wits if they thought she meant it. In "Woman and the New Race," published ten years ago, she attacked the sacredness and potency of the maternal instinct, which is no light thing to do in this mammy-singing civilization; and she brought up unpleasant facts, like the prevalence of criminal abortion, as evidence that there is "a desire stronger than motherhood." Ideas like that are neither polite nor pretty, but if repeated loudly and often enough, they would start something. To the regret of Mrs. Sanger's Left Wing followers she has not tried the experiment.

Her marriage to William Sanger, the artist, took place in 1900, and her next ten or fifteen years were rendered turbulent by ill health, little money, and big ideas. Later she and Mr. Sanger were divorced, and in 1922 she married Mr. J. Noah H. Slee, a philanthropic gentleman who was head of the Three-In-One Oil Company, and had for some years acted as angel to the birth-control movement.

Today, at forty-seven, she is enjoying serenity both spiritual and material. She and Mr. Slee have their home at Willow Lake, in Fishkill, New York, where he has built a long, rambling stone house, with many windows, and a terrace overlooking the lake. In warm weather they have tea in a summerhouse on the shore; Mrs. Sanger does her writing in a small hilltop studio surrounded by pine trees. You will note that she is a modified Lucy Stone Leaguer, keeping the name of her first husband, by which she became famous.

In her private life, incidentally, she has an answer for those who picture her as some sort of neurotic monster. She is the mother of three children and insisted on having the first, against everyone's entreaties, when she stood on the verge of tuberculosis. Her two attractive sons, Stuart and Grant, are in Wall Street and at Princeton, respectively, and are conceded to be shining examples of successful child-raising. Her little girl, Peggy, died in 1916.

AT times the birth-control question has looked like a personal encounter between Mrs. Sanger and the Catholic Church. One may ask, however, whether the Roman hierarchy has not after all been her best friend. Several times its blundering opposition has focussed public attention on the birth-control movement which the movement was not ingenious enough to win for itself. In the fall of 1921 the first American birth-control conference had been droning on for days about population problems and other sizzling topics, with no one enough interested even to be shocked. Then the police broke up one of the meetings and turned the conference into a wow. It developed that Cardinal Hayes, then Archbishop, had called up Police Headquarters with advice as to the goings-on, and the raid had followed.

The descent on the birth-control clinic last year had even more dramatic results. Policewoman Anna McNamara posed as a patient, under orders from Policewoman Mary Sullivan. (Where Policewoman Mary Sullivan got her orders is a question veiled in mystery.) The police swooped down on the sedate white-curtained premises of 46 West Fifteenth Street, carting off two doctors, three nurses, a quantity of "exhibits," and about a hundred and fifty cards containing patients' records. The last was the master stroke, as it rallied the medical fraternity, who do not, collectively speaking, give a whoop about birth control, but who are extremely jealous of their prerogative of privacy. The case was promptly thrown out of court, but the free advertising made it necessary for the clinic to engage three extra workers and larger quarters, to handle the increased business.

THERE are, of course, resourceful persons who keep their causes in the public eye without waiting for Heaven or their enemies to send them a boost. Mrs. Sanger has never been adept at juggling the diableries of publicity. Her strength is an overwhelming sincerity and great personal courage. Although she doesn't know how to trump up an issue, she will fight to the last ditch on a real one.

Her advisers have sometimes cramped her style. Witness the fracas which resulted in her withdrawal from the American Birth Control League. The League, which she founded in 1921, has always been a monument of

decorum. Two years ago the United Parents' Association of Greater New York Schools was holding an educational exposition in Grand Central Palace, and the American Birth Control League was to have a harmless little exhibit depicting the felicities of small families, or something of the sort. President Ryan of the Board of Education announced that if the Birth Control League remained in the exposition, the public schools would stay out, and the birth-controllers were forthwith shown the door. Mrs. Sanger smoked with wrath, consulted her lawyer, and prepared to sue the Parents' Association for breach of contract. Her board of directors, however, had ladylike inhibitions about seeing their names in the paper, and they vetoed the plan. Mrs. Sanger resigned.

She now heads the National Committee on Federal Legislation for Birth Control. Its aim is to remove the restrictions which the late Anthony Comstock devised: restrictions so exhaustive that it is at present illegal for one doctor to discuss contraceptive methods with another doctor by mail. Mrs. Sanger could, if she would, shock the country with revelations as ghastly as those in "Mother India." Every week brings her a stream of pleading letters from sick and despairing women dragged down to the edge of the abyss by unending pregnancies. She has received over a million such letters, and recently published a collection of them. It appeared under the innocuous title "Motherhood in Bondage," but among Mrs. Sanger's own comments appeared the smoldering phrase "the inferno of maternity." Someone suggested that that described the contents more adequately.

"Well—*I* wanted a stronger title," she replied. "But you know—publishers—"

DESPITE what you will hear to the contrary, she has no great craving for martyrdom. At the present moment she is comfortable and enjoying life, and is about as little eager to go to jail as anyone can be. The question arises, therefore: what does she do about these desperate letters, begging for aid which it is a prison offence to give? She does two things. In her headquarters at the clinic is a file containing the names of doctors, nurses, and social workers all over the United States who will coöperate by giving contraceptive information. If a woman writes in from Joplin, Missouri, because she has eleven children, a drunken husband, and no money, a glance at the file shows the nearest person who will help her. Even to send the name is to break the law, which not only forbids the giving of information, but even forbids telling where it may be obtained.

And if there is no one whom the woman can reach, what then? Mrs. Sanger takes those letters home. How she answers them is nobody's affair, not even the affair of her clinic staff. But no one who knows her supposes that she puts off the sufferer with the consolations of religion.

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

"Oh, there's nobody here."

THE THEATRE

"A GOOD IDEA, BUT~"

ONE of the reasons (if anyone cares) why so few dramatic critics try to write plays for themselves is that they are flop-shy. Practically every night of their lives they have it brought home to them how little they really know about playwriting. A man who goes only to the hits on Broadway may very well think of himself as a potential hit-playwright and go home and try it. It looks easy. But a critic, who has to see all the flops as well, has peered into the wan faces of too many expiring brain-children and seen there the lineaments of a possible child of his own. You don't hear of any of the reporters who covered the Bowery "smoke whiskey" deaths touching any of the stuff themselves.

Probably every dramatic critic has occasion, at least once or twice a month, to say to himself as he pulls the sheet over some casualty, "There, but for the grace of God, go I." Mr. George S. Kaufman is the one conspicuous exception to this generalization, and, although he has plenty of hits to his credit, he suffers from apprehension and disordered digestion on an opening night to such a spectacular degree that it can hardly be worth even his beautiful subsequent royalties. He suffers much more than an ordinary playwright because he knows more than an ordinary playwright about that icy wind which springs out of nowhere, blowing where it listeth and chilling even those dramatic works which, up until the rise of the curtain, have seemed to be headed for a long and useful life. Of course, Mr. St. John Ervine, too, has written several hits, but he would not be the type of dramatic critic to be tortured by doubt. And, in "The First Mrs. Fraser" at any rate, he had nothing to be doubtful about. "The First Mrs. Fraser" has always been a successful play, no matter what its title.

PROBABLY a great many of us have, in our lighter moods, thought that it would be rather comical to write a mystery play interspersed with musical-comedy numbers. Well, it isn't. We might very well have tried it, had we not fortunately been beaten to it by Mr. Fred Herendeen with his "Mystery Moon." If Mr. Herendeen had come to us last spring and said: "What do you think of having a real, spooky, hokey mystery, during which, at odd intervals, a chorus comes on and does numbers called 'Milkmaids of Broadway' or 'What Could I Do but Fall in Love with You?'" we should probably have said: "You've got something there, Mr. Herendeen!" It took a complete production of this idea on the stage of the Royale Theatre to prove that what Mr. Herendeen had there was a big, scrawny turkey.

Of course, "Mystery Moon" isn't the ideal consummation of the combination mystery and musical comedy. It is a combination which retains the worst features of each. The gags are awful, the music nothing, and the mystery even more of a joke than it was meant to be. But the thing that stands out above all is that the idea itself isn't funny. It ought to be. It has novelty and a certain wildness, and, in theory, is an inspiration worthy of a Cohan revue. But, under a spotlight, something about it turns green, something which has nothing to do with the dialogue and music. It just doesn't jell, that's all.

This may seem quite a lot of space to devote to such an excruciatingly unimportant event as the opening of "Mystery Moon," but there is a fairly important point at stake. In the scramble for originality which is beginning to mark the struggle between the speaking stage and the speaking movies, a lot of people with ideas which sound good at luncheon in June are going to find out, along about nine-thirty on an opening night in October, that they weren't such good ideas after all. Sometimes this will be due to the handling and the acting, but a great many times it will be that, beyond a certain point, Novelty turns and eats its young. There are some things which even a master-playwright cannot do with the mind of an audience. One of them is to change it from being the mind of an audience.

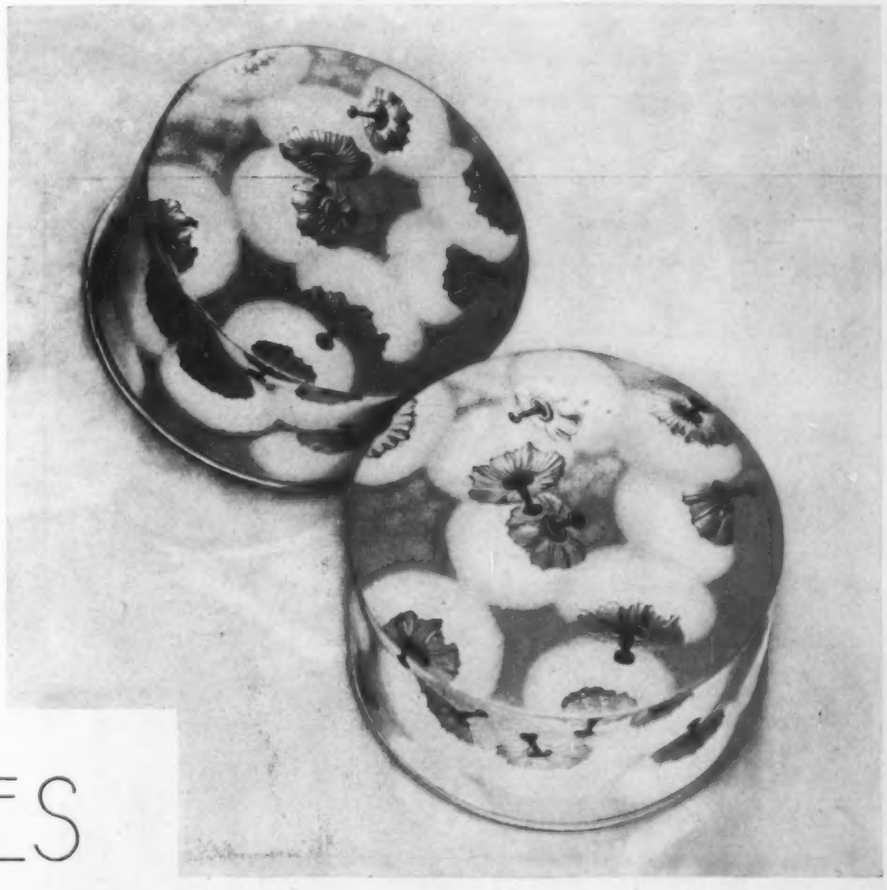
This was shown very clearly in "Hotel Universe," which was a grand idea in collision with an immovable body. In the list of "Failures of 1929-30" printed by *Variety* there were several other examples. "Deah Old England," "Thunder in the Air," "Out of a Blue Sky," all were attempts to do the thing a little differently and to ring in a new twist. It is true, they might have been much better done, but even then they would have suffered

FIRE-EATER'S WIFE: *"Hurry, dear, you'll be late for the show."*

"Nacrée"
"Sèverose"

FASCINATING NEW COMPLEXION SHADES

Coty conceives two entirely new Face Powder tones, in spirit with the fashion trend to vivid colour—"Nacrée"—translucent, pearly—"Sèverose"—radiantly warm. With their creation, Coty rounds out the scale of tone harmony in beauty and sets the vogue of infinite variety in loveliness. For now you can wear any colour in the smart spectrum and make it exquisitely becoming, simply by using the appropriate tones of LES POUDRES COTY. Twelve perfect flesh-tones harmonize every complexion type with every hue of the mode.



LES POUDRES COTY

TWELVE PERFECT FLESH-TONES

Naturelle	Rachel No. 1	Nacrée	Rose No. 1	Cotytan	Ocre
Blanche	Rachel No. 2	Sèverose	Rose No. 2	Ocre-Rose	Mauve

ONE DOLLAR

Write for "DIVERSITY IN BEAUTY"—Coty's new guide to colour harmony. Coty. 714 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.—Place Vendôme, Paris.

TWO WEEKS
IN THE COUNTRY
...or a "Fortn'ght," as we say

IT matters little where you plan to waste time and get sun-burned. But if you're off for a few weeks' holiday, here's an ideal traveling companion... the Hartmann Junior Wardrobe Trunk.

Upright, it's a life-size wardrobe trunk with seven hangers to hold as many suits without any folding whatsoever. (Or twice that many dresses.) Three clever drawer compartments take all the accessories you'll need.

On its side, it's an oversize wardrobe case which any husky porter can haul by its handle. Done in Tan Canvas Grain Ducord with Regimental Striping, it's unusually good looking—and *marvelously* practical. $85. Others from $35 up.

HARTMANN
JUNIOR WARDROBE TRUNKS
AT YOUR BETTER SHOPS AND DEPARTMENT STORES

from the old difficulty of mixing oil and water. Among the "intermediate successes" listed there was only one which tried this simultaneous rubbing the stomach and patting the head, and that was "Death Takes a Holiday." Here again there was the feeling of an Idea in grease-paint. And, of the sixteen "smashes" or complete hits, "Berkeley Square" alone went in for novelty mediums, with much more success than the others, it is true, but dependent to a large extent on the performance of Mr. Leslie Howard for its effectiveness, and displaying its greatest weakness in that very department where its novelty lay.

"The Green Pastures" could spoil my whole point if I would let it, but I will not let it, for "The Green Pastures" is in a classification by itself. As for spoiling my point, I don't exactly know what my point is, unless it might be that there is no sense in trying to think up new ideas for the theatre because they won't work out, so why don't we all just get a good book and rest a while. —ROBERT BENCHLEY

•

MORRISON

Morrison,
After a career of minor disappointments,
Attained finally the distinction of a fashionable club,
With the library decorated in the newest manner.
But there he found that no one would listen to his stories,
Not even his little anecdotes of what happened to him in Texas. . . .
So Morrison went out one evening and murdered his uncle
(A cold man who never had thought Morrison amusing at any time).
Now Morrison has an audience all over the country,
And a daily picture in the *Evening Graphic.*
Had there been but one attentive ear over the Bourbon,
Morrison's uncle would still be among the living.

—FLORENCE KIPER FRANK

•

MRS. S. T.: You may develop a scrawny neck by exercising. Stand with feet about eighteen inches apart, body erect, chin in; without moving the body turn head sharply to the right three times, then to the left.—*From Beauty Queries in the Chicago Tribune.*

And presto! You have a scrawny neck.

Announcing

A NEW TEXACO MOTOR OIL

STILL CLEAR , STILL CLEAN , STILL GOLDEN

WITH A

LONGER LASTING "CRACK-PROOF" BODY

In the Spring of 1926 The Texas Company revolutionized motor fuel values for the nation by introducing the new and better Texaco Gasoline—the original dry gas. Today, maintaining its leadership in the petroleum field, The Texas Company makes another outstanding contribution to the motorized world.

(See following pages)

©1930 The Texas Company

TO OUR MILLIONS OF CUSTOMERS

THE TEXAS COMPANY again demonstrates its leadership in the petroleum field with the introduction of a vastly superior, new product—a motor oil with a longer life and so clean and pure that it will measurably improve the performance of any automobile engine. This new oil revolutionizes lubrication values as completely as the *new* and *better* Texaco Gasoline—the original "dry" gas, revolutionized motor fuels in the Spring of 1926.

Because of its carefully worked out combination of crudes and special processes of refining, this new lubricant is without precedent. It retains all the famous characteristics of the former Texaco Golden Motor Oil. It is still free from hard carbon-forming elements, free from clogging wax and other impurities. It flows freely at zero. In addition to all this it is "Crack-Proof" and provides the more complete protection demanded by the high speed, high compression automobile engine of today.

A CULMINATING ACHIEVEMENT

in the science of refining

THIS new "Crack-Proof" Motor Oil represents the culminating achievement of years of research and experimentation. An oil of this type has long been desired by the automotive world. It remained for The Texas Company to perfect a distillation process that enabled them to combine all the outstanding qualities of the major crudes in a single motor oil. Because of its world-wide resources and tremendous refining facilities, The Texas Company is able to offer this new lubricant today through its 40,000 dealers located in all our 48 states.

All Texaco now sold is the new Texaco. It comes in five grades—C, D, E, F and G. They correspond in body to the Society of Automotive Engineers (S. A. E.) viscosity ratings and cover a sufficient range to give every type of automobile engine the maximum in lubricating efficiency. Despite its revolutionary character and far greater lubricating value, this new and tougher Texaco is sold at 30 cents a quart* in all our 48 States.

30¢ a Quart
*35¢ for Grade G

the New

TEXACO MOTOR OIL

LONGER-LASTING. . .CRACK-PROOF

THE TEXAS COMPANY TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The "old" doctor handed over to his doctor son a family tradition of high ideals and devoted service. And another "tradition" has survived, too — for the "young" doctor is as unchangeably devoted to Fatima as was ever his father before him.

What a whale of a difference just a few cents make!

© 1930, LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

FATIMA

Keep Stomach in shape *this way*

urges Norwegian Authority

Dr. Bruusgaard says, "I have used fresh Yeast for years"

HERE is friendly advice from the head of a famous clinic . . . Prof. Dr. J. E. Bruusgaard, of the great State Hospital in Oslo, Norway!

Dr. Bruusgaard is a member of the most exclusive medical societies in Europe. He says:

"In my practice I have used fresh yeast for years.

"Yeast keeps the stomach in good condition. It stimulates the functioning of the intestines and corrects constipation."

Doctors now trace many stomach troubles to an unhealthy condition lower down . . . to the backing up of poisons from clogging food wastes.

Fleischmann's Yeast corrects that condition. It "tones up" sluggish intestines till they function normally. Poisons are gently cleared away. Secretion of gastric juices is stimulated. Healthy digestion is restored.

Check indigestion this sensible way! Just eat *Fleischmann's* Yeast regularly, 3 times a day. At grocers', restaurants, soda fountains. Directions on label.

Physicians cite Yeast Benefits:

The Italian nutrition authority, Dr. Cherubini, explains: "Yeast performs the double rôle of aiding both assimilation and elimination."

Prof. Dr. Brandweiner, Vienna clinic head, asserts: "Fresh yeast will keep the intestinal canal free of the poisons that upset digestion."

Europe's famous stomach specialist, Dr. Delort, says: "Yeast stimulates the gastric and intestinal movements."

© 1930, Standard Brands Incorporated

Her own case bore out what doctors say

(below) "A lot of the peppiest girls I knew ate Fleischmann's Yeast," *writes* Miss Jeanne Johnson, *Los Angeles*. "So I tried it, too—and my indigestion was forgotten."

(below) "I couldn't eat without indigestion," *writes* Willard Davis, *Atlanta, Ga.* "I tried Fleischmann's Yeast and my indigestion soon disappeared."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

WIMBLEDON: Offer 20 guineas for two good seats for whole meeting. Write, Box D, 1345, Times.

WIMBLEDON: Wanted, one centre court seat for June 29th. Phone, morning, Paddington 2895.

WIMBLEDON: For sale; two good seats, for July 1st, 2nd, best offer by Thursday morning secures. Phone Mayfair 6930.

WIMBLEDON

THIS is Wimbledon Week in London. For nearly a month now the newspapers have been carrying advertisements in their personal columns like those quoted above. What kind of a sporting event is it for which persons are willing to pay over fifty dollars a seat?

Once Wimbledon was a tennis tournament. Now it is a national institution. Back in 1868 a small organization called the All England Croquet Club, in Wimbledon, a suburb of London, found itself in financial difficulties. The members, apparently preferring to hit a moving rather than a stationary ball, were deserting to enjoy a new game of tennis played on a lawn. To attract them back the club decided to install this sport upon its own grounds and therefore changed its name to the All England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club.

That name remains today except that the importance of the games has been reversed. Tennis soon crowded croquet out of the picture, and in 1877 Mr. J. H. Walsh, a member of the club and the editor of the London *Field*, persuaded the committee to hold a championship tournament. The first title was won by Mr. Spencer W. Gore, a graduate of Harrow, who was an old racquets player. About two hundred spectators paid a shilling apiece to watch the finals, in which he defeated Mr. W. C. Marshall in straight sets. Thus Wimbledon began.

THE greatest players of the past, the Renshaws, the Baddeleys, the Dohertys of England, Brookes and Wilding of Australia, Decugis and Gobert of France, and Larned, Clothier, and McLoughlin of the United States, all trod these sacred lawns upon the Worple Road. As interest in the games increased, stands were put up; at length two covered bleachers at right angles were erected; but despite the crowds that came each June, Wimbledon still retained its atmosphere of informality and sport. As late as 1908 one paid two shillings to sit on a board beside the centre court; latecomers paid the same amount and stood upon bricks to see above those standing behind the seated rows in front.

The stands were made larger every year but still proved unable to accommodate the spectators, and in 1911 it was necessary to institute a ballot for the general public. Applications are made in February and those whose names are drawn are given the privilege of paying for seats to be used in June. The unlucky ones, who constitute the vast majority of applicants, have their cheques returned forthwith. The receipts grew from two hundred dollars in 1877 to sixteen thousand dollars in 1912, thirty-five thousand dollars in 1914, and forty-seven thousand dollars in 1919. That year the greatest crowd that ever saw a match of lawn tennis, eight thousand persons, including the King and Queen, watched a young French girl in her teens named Lenglen defeat Mrs. Lambert Chambers, the British champion, after being twice within a point of defeat in the third set.

In 1920 plans were started to move from the old grounds in the Worple Road; a bond issue of seven hundred thousand dollars was floated, and on June 26, 1922, the new grounds situated opposite the Wimbledon Golf Club a quarter of a mile from the Southfields station were formally opened by the King. The new stand is a gloomy concrete amphitheatre partially roofed over to protect the seat-holders, and capable of holding fifteen thousand inside. Back of the amphitheatre is the No. 1 Court, with seats for five thousand. Like the centre court, it is protected by a tarpaulin which can be spread out in wet weather, and which cost ten thousand dollars. Spacious driveways lead about the grounds, in which are twenty courts and a large tea pavilion; under the stands are accommodations for the players, as well as a private room for royalty and a single dressing-room with bath which has on the door the words "THE LADY CHAMPION."

WHEN the new Wimbledon was built, financial disaster was predicted. Yet the first year the seats were oversubscribed several times. Ac-

"Don't correct her, dear. Suggest something else."

Frigidaire? . . . I said . . . that's no Frigidaire!

. . . "Frigidaire? I said . . . that's no Frigidaire! Where is the 'Cold Control'?" I said "and the Hydrator . . . tell me that, my good man" . . . I said . . . "and what on earth has happened to the beautiful cabinet? . . . that can't possibly be porcelain-on-steel . . . no indeed . . . not possibly . . . because porcelain-on-steel stays just as pearly white as my own ducky bathtub" . . . I said . . . "Of course he was just a teeny-weeny bit flustered when I refused to sign the lease . . . but I believe a young girl can't be too careful . . . my lead? . . . so sorry" • • • Our sincere congratulations, m'dear! You did perfectly right . . . and to make it easier for you to identify, we place the name plate "Frigidaire" above the cabinet door. Look for it the next time . . . then you can be sure of finding all of Frigidaire's famous features . . . and also that the apartment is ultra-modern in every detail. If in doubt, ask Winston Paul at 39 West 45th Street . . . who sells more Frigidaires for New York homes and apartments than anyone else.

WINSTON PAUL
39 West 45th Street, New York
Please send me the New Frigidaire Booklet

Name_____

Address_____

"A.B.A. CHEQUES? SI, SI, CON MUCHO GUSTO! . . . My father he know these cheque maybe fifteen-twenty years . . . To us same as money . . . Cómo se dice? . . . Like you say—'Good as gold' . . . Many customers present them . . . Si, si, señora . . . you see the many small flower, you know it is a real mantilla . . . Gracias, señor—señora."

Go where you will, buy what you wish; A.B.A. Cheques are as acceptable as gold—but much safer to carry. They are insured money—you alone can use them. Their cost is nominal. They are now issued in the convenient size of the new United States paper money. Buy them at your own bank, spend them anywhere in the world.

A·B·A CHEQUES

CERTIFIED

OFFICIAL TRAVEL CHEQUE OF AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION

tually not only has the public never been able to obtain a seat for the finals at the new Wimbledon save through speculators, but the shareholders have divided up a small fortune. Notwithstanding the increased seating capacity, it is as hard to get in as ever. Balloting still goes on—late last January, when the lists were closed for this week's Wimbledon, the committee received eighty thousand pounds, or about four hundred thousand dollars; over twenty thousand applications for the three thousand five hundred seats which remained for public disposal after each member of the All England Club had applied for the four to which he was entitled. The committee were obliged to return all but seventy-five thousand dollars simply because they had no seats to sell.

There are perhaps three reasons that this tournament is a magnet which attracts spectators from all over the world, which forces thousands to line up the night before the gates are open to grab off one of the all-too-few standing places about the centre court: the place itself, the crowds, and the players. You will observe if you read the newspapers that these are not the Wimbledon championships, not the British championships, but The Championships. Here, indeed, the winner is champion of the world, for Wimbledon is the oldest of all tennis tournaments, which confers the greatest of titles, and the organization is on a par with the dignity and tradition of the meeting. The stadium is accessible from the city; a short ride in the Underground and then a three-minute trip by taxi or bus to the gates. Once within, you find that the twenty courts outside the stadium are surrounded by thick, ten-foot hedges, and bordered by little brick walks about which it is pleasant to wander and view the great players intimately in the early rounds. In the centre court the umpire sits before a microphone which carries his voice all over the stands; at his hand is a table with buttons which when pressed light up the score on the electric scoreboard at each end. The matches follow one another in perfect schedule from two in the afternoon until seven or eight.

THE rain in England is, of course, a problem, for tennis isn't like golf or football, in which you can plug along through a drizzle. The players may be in the middle of a match, the sun may be shining; suddenly will come the deluge. Immediately play ceases, the contestants scamper for

shelter with their racquets under their sweaters, while a crowd of groundsmen rush out for the tarpaulin.

The tarpaulin is lying in two sections, each one folded along the length of the court. It is spread out, unrolled, while gangs of men at each end are erecting an apparatus resembling a crane. This crane has a block and tackle attached; to it the sections are fastened and hoisted up about twenty feet into the air to form a kind of sloping tent off which the water runs. As soon as the storm blows over, the tarpaulin is let down and rolled up. The players come out onto a dry court and the game is resumed.

Meanwhile, what of the crowd? Those up in the stands are sheltered by the roof; but the standing portion of the gallery has no such protection. Most crowds would flee for cover under such circumstances; not the British. They have waited in line five, six, seven hours to see Bill Tilden, and they have stood through several hours of preliminary matches. Now when it rains they are not going to retire and see someone else grab their places. So they huddle together under umbrellas, they don raincoats; wet, dripping, they stick it through.

IF the tradition, the history, the pageant of Wimbledon attract the crowds, the crowds themselves are not the least part of Wimbledon. Each day about twelve hundred unreserved standing places are put on sale at noon; for these places anywhere from three to five thousand persons line up outside the gates before the finals when a big match is going on. They arrive the previous evening, carry campstools, raincoats, rugs, books, small cooking outfits over which they boil tea, and food for several meals. They pass a pleasant night if it is not raining too hard, and sometimes even if it is, thanks to the usual troupe of entertainers, singers, dancers, and magicians, who amuse them continually. When the gates are opened and the lucky twelve hundred pass in, a notice is posted to say that the centre court is full; but the remainder rarely leave. They pay two shillings' admission to the grounds and during a finals they will stand on the promenade behind the centre court, where there is a replica of the electric scoreboard within, and where they can hear the cheering of the thousands who are seeing the contest.

If you climb the steps of the Southfields station about noon any day during the meeting, you will pass a small

SUBWAY *Flowers*

There is beauty everywhere. The little pot of flowers in the window of a filthy tenement. Sunlight reflected in a puddle. Surely in the subway this beauty is found in the wonderful resignation which dwells in the faces of nearly all subway travellers. Their time is wasted; their vitality is destroyed; they are hot, uncomfortable and crowded. Yet with what beautiful meekness they bear their lot. Only the rebels, the malcontents, the discontented, the disaffected — call them what you will, we admit it — come to Tudor City.*

LIVE IN
TUDOR CITY
AND WALK TO BUSINESS

** 4 minutes' walk from Grand Central, standing in its own parks. Among its many attractions are indoor and outdoor miniature eighteen hole golf courses. 1 to 6 rooms, hotel and housekeeping, $70 to $325.* Fred F. French Management Co., Inc., Renting Office at East End of 42nd Street. (Vanderbilt 8860)

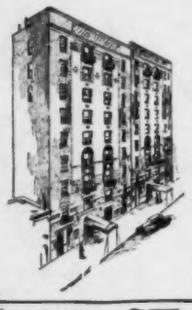
4 Choice Midtown APARTMENTS

Easily accessible:
Maintained in the modern manner—under the personal supervision which only an owner can bestow

9 East 96th ST.
OFF 5 AVE.
Overlooking Central Park
4 & 6 ROOMS
2 & 3 baths
Permanent Light Protection

435 E. 57th ST.
SUTTON PLACE
3-4-5 ROOMS
Permanent Light Protection

138-144 E. 36th ST.
MURRAY HILL
3-4-5-6 ROOMS
Short walk to Chanin, Chrysler, Lincoln Bldgs.



39-41 W. 55th ST.
Bet. 5th and 6th Avenues
3-4-5 ROOMS
Extra Large Rooms Exceptionally Convenient

VERY ATTRACTIVE RENTALS
Apply supt. on premises—or
M. M. DRYFOOS
424 Madison Av., N. Y. Wickersham 9170

army of what we would call Western Union boys. They march along, caps on one side of their heads, marshalled by a leader who is taking them back to London. You pay them a couple of shillings an hour, and by this method you can send a boy early, come out late and take his place, and thus be sure of getting inside. Many spectators from the Midlands and Scotland who come down by night and do not arrive until early morning adopt this method of getting places for the match.

So far we have been following the fortunes of those who have no seats. The ticket-holders, by far the majority, of course, members of the All England Club, do not arrive early. This club, which is the premier lawn-tennis club of the world today, still has ridiculously modest dues, which perhaps accounts for the number of parsons up from the country with their children whom you see strolling about, and those hawk-faced men and women who could be nothing but part of Britain's impoverished aristocracy. All the old county families turn out for Wimbledon; the *nouveaux riches* can, of course, get seats by buying them at a premium, but they are far less in evidence here than in most events of the London Season. Wimbledon may no longer be what it was once, a small, select, intimate affair, but the old order dies hard, the Archibald Marshall folk are still very much to the fore.

These people are an amazingly knowing crowd, perhaps the most knowing sporting crowd in the world. They all play games, know games and, considering the lickings they have been absorbing with regularity for the past twenty years, they are exceedingly sporting in their attitude toward the French and American invaders who carry their titles overseas every July. But their habits are their habits. Promptly at four each afternoon, no matter what the match or what the score in that match, an uneasy motion can be observed among the rows of faces, gradually the stands about the centre court become deserted. Tea. The big pavilion behind the stadium, and the little pavilion opposite, for members of the All England Club, are jammed.

"I say, how did that match come out, that Tilden-Borotra thing? I had to leave for tea, you know." This is what you are asked as, a half an hour later, you crowd your way into the tent. "Ah, Tilden won, did he? Good chap!" The thought that they may

MOST GOOD GOLFERS PREFER BTN
BUTCHART-NICHOLLS
GOLF CLUBS
FULL LINE OF WOODS AND IRONS
ASK YOUR PRO - HE SELLS THEM
BUTCHART-NICHOLLS CO. SPRINGDALE, CONN.

THE NEW YORKER in St. Louis

You can reach him at The Hotel Coronado
SAINT-LOUIS
LINDELL BLVD. ~~~ AT SPRING AVE.

Hotel Aspinwall
LENOX, MASS.
In the beautiful Berkshires
June 20th to October 15th
Equipment and service that appeal to persons of refinement
Ggolf, tennis, motion pictures, dancing, orchestra
May we send interesting booklet?
Winter Resort: Princess Hotel, Bermuda

IMPORTED SUN TAN & VENETIAN MOONLIGHT

Claim them for your own *this summer* . . . with a trip abroad that shall live forever in pleasant memory. Let our travel experts help you plan it. We know Europe as you know Broadway, and we can relieve you of all travel worries. We'll plan your trip, secure tickets, make reservations, arrange programs, look after your baggage. Travel independently, or on one of our House Party Tours by motor, all expenses, $395 and upwards. Ask for booklets.

The TRAVEL GUILD
521 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK
PHONE: MURRAY HILL 1622
180 NORTH MICHIGAN, CHICAGO

Tours by Special Train to Yellowstone, Pacific Northwest, Canadian Rockies, Colorado, California. Booklet "DW".

. . . dine in the Green Room and you will find it as cool and charming as our namesake in the Bois . . . with a cuisine to make glad the heart of every true aesthete trencherman.

HOTEL
AMBASSADOR
PARK AVENUE at 51st ST., NEW YORK

SHORTHAND
& TYPEWRITING IN ONE MONTH
By Prof. Miller, who taught at Columbia University FIVE YEARS
MILLER INSTITUTE OF SHORTHAND
1465 Broadway at 42nd St., N. Y. City
(This is not a Correspondence Course)

have missed the most exciting parts of the most exciting match of the fortnight never seems to occur.

Just behind the north end of the centre court is the Royal Box, a large enclosure seating fifty persons, with armchairs in the front row. Wimbledon is one of the few sporting events of the year that the King always attends; he was sick last June, but you may be sure he will be present this week. The Queen also likes tennis; when they enter, the whole assemblage rises, play stops, the umpire stands up on his perch, while the players turn and face the Royal Box. The Continentals, like Lili de Alvarez, always drop a curtsy, the Americans always look uncomfortable. With the King are a number of friends and relatives, the various rulers of Europe who happen to be in London at the moment, several maharajahs in turbans, and an ambassador or two.

IN the last analysis, however, it is the players who make Wimbledon what it is, the players who come from the ends of the earth for this fortnight of competition. On this old turf have struggled this week players from over thirty nations: Germans and Japanese, South Africans and Italians, Americans and Spaniards, men and women from every country where the game is played—and where is it not played today? At Forest Hills, during the American, or at Auteuil, during the French tournaments, the champions of two or three nations may compete; here are the best players from every land: Prenn, the swarthy German; Harada, the keen-eyed magician from Japan; Tilden, the falling giant of the United States; Cochet, the little wizard of France; Morpurgo, the gallant Italian—these and others will fight for the greatest title in modern sport. Imagine the variety of temperament and intellect, the contrast of manners and methods of play that will be in action upon these courts. This above everything makes Wimbledon the thing it is, the most picturesque tournament held anywhere today, the only place on earth where a golf course is used as a parking place for thousands of persons who wish to watch a contest of lawn tennis.

—JOHN R. TUNIS

•

ARDEN-OHMAN OR.—See It's You I Love—My First Love—Nina Rose—Should I?—Soon—Strike Up the Band—Why?—*From a Victor catalogue.*

Why the hell not?

Makes perfect drip coffee without watching « « ARMSTRONG AUTOMATIC PERCOLATOR

YOU cannot fail to make anything but perfect drip coffee—today, tomorrow and every day—with the Armstrong Automatic Percolator. It is the only percolator that does not have to be watched or timed.

Plug in the cord and turn your back. When the coffee is perfectly brewed, the percolator turns itself off. It cannot boil. (Boiling ruins coffee.) It cannot "perc" too long. (Over percolating coffee also spoils the flavor.)

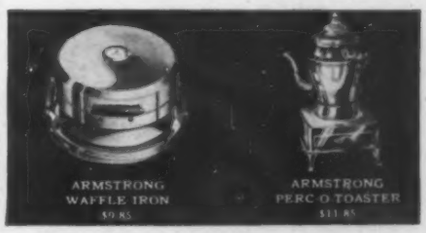
No special coffee required. Use your favorite brand. The percolator brings out the *full* essence of flavor and aroma.

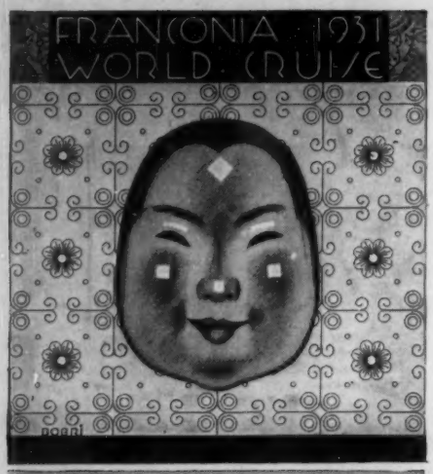
The Armstrong Automatic Percolator has no electric attachments on the pot. Can be washed as easily as a cup. The percolator is divided into two compartments—one for water, the other for finished coffee. The weight of the water tips percolator and turns on current. When water has passed through the coffee into coffee compartment, the weight of the percolated coffee tilts the percolator, turns off the current. Result: Perfect Drip Coffee—and without watching. *The only appliance of its kind; there is nothing else like it.* Price complete, in U. S. A., $14.75.

Armstrong Appliances are sold by leading stores or shipped prepaid in U.S.A. on receipt of price.

Armstrong SINCE 1899

ARMSTRONG Electric & Mfg. Corp.
Huntington, West Virginia





The charm and personality of this World Cruise ship

Charm and personality belong not only to enchanting people . . . a ship can possess them too . . . the Franconia does! . . . The inherent ability to please, to amuse, to fall in line with your every wish, be it a desire for the sophisticated pleasures of a luxurious club, or the health giving exercises of a perfect gymnasium and swimming pool.

The Franconia affords the most modern . . . the Utopian opportunity to sail the seven seas . . . to see the world. Yield to her lure . . . find new horizons . . . explore the secret, rose-coloured city of Petra . . . at Singapore cross over to Johore . . . see how a native prince lives in a gorgeous palace in Eastern splendor . . . treat yourself to some rare treasure in the Pettah at Colombo . . . thrill to gorgeous Bali . . . look over the Son of Heaven's fairy palace at Peking.

The Franconia sails Eastward on January 10—returns May 28 . . . again two world-famous leaders of travel join their 179 years of experience, achievement and tradition.

Also Westward Around the World in the Samaria
Sailing from New York Dec. 3

Literature and full information from your local agent or

CUNARD-LINE
THOS. COOK & SON

MOTORS

The Austin Makes Its Bow

AN otherwise rather stolid season produced at least one exceptionally interesting event in the début of the American Austin, which made its first official appearance in public this week. For our part we feel that this tiny car is important not so much because it is minute as because it forecasts a new school of design both for engines and bodies.

Naturally it had to be made over to suit American tastes, so those who have driven the British Austin will find a considerable difference in the American machine. The motor is faster, and better adapted to handling steep grades.

The bodies, especially on the roadsters, are tadpole-shaped affairs—to lessen wind-resistance. American designers have in the main been wasteful of power, presenting a square surface to the air that pushes against it more or less like a palm-leaf fan. Only a few have considered the problem. Auburn and Cord, and some others, have put sloping decks on their roadsters, which at any rate is a move in the right direction. It is a field in which radicalism may prosper.

The closed Austin is very much like a miniature town car. Wisely departing from the design of the English model, which has places for four, this is strictly a two-passenger vehicle. The fact that it is three feet shorter than the Ford, and about sixteen inches narrower, does not mean there is a corresponding reduction of seating space. The plan is generally similar to that of a sedan chair, and the body is placed on a very small chassis. The diminutive size of the car rather helps the design; it requires simplicity. The moldings are straight and horizontal; the wheels are the disc type, and the spare is carried behind; the doors come directly down to the running-board without the usual intervening apron. The total effect is not unlike the little horse-drawn coupés of the Age of Innocence.

ONE feature of the Austin that is immediately apparent is the ease with which it can be parked. It is a desirable quality which all the automobile-makers have been quietly developing. Without any especial advance ballyhoo, at least a dozen cars have altered their steering gear this year, so

DOUBLE DATE

For popular girls who do everything on the run. Night and Day Cream in one. Twenty-four hour beauty work reduced to 4 minutes. At night—skin food, refiner, gentle bleach—no party circles under the eyes. In the morning—grand make-up foundation—no shiny nose.

COSTS THREE-FIFTY · LASTS 6 MONTHS

At your favorite Fifth Avenue store and at Abraham & Straus Beauty Salon, Brooklyn

GERANIUM CREAM

PRODUITS NINA, INC., 580 FIFTH AVE., N.Y.

Second Sensational Season
of Whoopee on Long Island

TEXAS GUINAN

"THE NATIONAL WEAKNESS"—Chicagoan —March, 1930.

AND HER FAMOUS "GANG"

20 World's Most Beautiful Girls at the cool

Show Place
(on the Merrick Road)
LYNBROOK, L. I.

Two Shows Nightly 8:30 p.m. and 12 p.m.

The most scintillating and sophisticated revue in N.Y.

No cover charge at dinner
Dancing till dawn
Reservations Phone Lynbrook 1525-6

Make Merry on the Merrick Road

FELTMANS
CONEY ISLAND

THE SPOT TO DANCE AND DINE

that an easy whirl of the wheel will whisk the car this way and that, provided there are enough unoccupied square feet available.

WHILE motor and body designs will unquestionably be influenced by the American Austin, there is considerable doubt whether other makers will immediately turn out rival bantams. At Detroit a number of small automobiles are in various stages of development, but it is most unlikely that any of them will be launched until the manufacturers have been able to gauge the extent of the public's interest in this type of car. Most of the older houses will probably make slight, rather than drastic, changes during their July revamping period. They have to protect their customers, who naturally do not wish to have last year's car made too obsolete. Also, the manufacturers probably recall that a horse tests a bridge with one foot first.

SUCH changes as there are will aim to make automobile bodies more serviceable. As a matter of fact the infant Chrysler Six already has a new convertible model. The top can be turned back, there are disappearing windows framed in metal, and at the rear there is a rumble seat. These conveniences were first seen only on Packards and Auburns.

GEARSHIFTS are still under fire, and the noise made by second seems definitely doomed. Pierce-Arrow, Cadillac, Packard, and Reo are among the first who have taken steps to eliminate this nuisance.

—NICHOLAS TROTT

•

ROCKVILLE CENTER—Owner, unexpectedly called on European business, offers Colonial home, motion picture actress, South Shore Long Island, within ten minutes Long Beach, for rental, first time; design leading architect; living room, library, dining room, large screened porch; complete furnishings, good taste, silver, linen, china, glass . . .—*From an adv. in the Times.*

We don't question your taste, but we'd really have to see her.

•

"George Washington was a Rotarian before Rotary clubs were founded," said Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, of Harvard, in an address before the Rotary Club at Riverbank Court Hotel yesterday noon. —*Cambridge (Mass.) Chronicle.*

That doesn't make Lincoln an Elk.

SATISFACTORY MOMENTS IN A DAY

That tantalizing whiff of coffee in the morning—

The comfort of a good smoke—

Caviar for luncheon—

And your very own New Yorker in the evening!

JUST in case you haven't already filed your subscription and check with us, so that you will have your New Yorker delivered to you every week without fuss and bother, we are printing this coupon for you to clip. It costs five dollars to have The New Yorker for one year, 52 issues reporting whatever is doing in New York that you really should know about. The gift department is for your convenience. We enclose a gift card.

N-7-3

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York

Please enter subscription for THE NEW YORKER *as indicated:*

☐ One year, $5.00 ☐ Two years, $8.00

To be sent to: Name.....

Address.....

.....

for which I enclose check $..... *as indicated above*.....

Donor's Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Postage: Canada, 50c Foreign, $1.00 additional a year.)

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

SUMMER FOIBLES

EVERY once in a while this department gets a good, feline joy from recording some sartorial idiosyncrasy of the battling sex. This time fate plays right into my hands, with word from Antibes (where the gorgeousness of male plumage practically eclipses that of the female) that the newest fad for evening is Chinese trousers of dull brocaded silk in plain colors like plum. Apparently, even there they don't dare go the whole hog, for conventional dinner jackets, soft white shirts, and black ties top the trousers. They say this looks pretty smart once you get used to the idea. I doubt if anyone will have the nerve, however, to try it at the Atlantic Beach Club.

I AM getting kind of tired (to get back to the subject at hand) of people rushing up to me to tell me that Macy is a pretty good little store. I knew that long ago. I found that out. Take the bathing department, for instance. It has beach dresses for which many a use might be found around the house. These come in a red or blue print on a material that looks suspiciously like a relative of silk. They have sort of cap sleeves, tight bodices, full peasant skirts extending to the ankles and swirling out nicely, and they fasten under the arms in a convenient way. The cost is twenty-two seventy-four. Then, there is a beach coat here which I wouldn't mind a bit wearing over my smartest tennis dress. It is of calico, the neck buttoned across in Chinese-coat style, with a belt drawn tightly about the waist. There is a warmish lining in case of chillth, it all costs only six ninety-four, and if you can do better I'll give you one. Calico also fashions young-thing one-piece pajamas with a string about the neck to render them entirely backless; in polka-dot version, calico makes romping shorts and short-sleeved jumpers. Both here and in the towel department you can find, too, exceptionally gay towels for the beach. Some of them, violently striped, are of a size to cover the shoulders or make a mannish muffler inside your beach wrap; some are perfectly huge and may be used either for reclining and subsequent sun-tanning or as a rather regal wrapping.

Down in the Accessory Shop, on the balcony of the refrigerated main floor, there is an epidemic of monogramming. I saw an actual order, and the work is nicely done at a cost of a dollar thirty-nine up for three-letter identifications. There are a lot of new designs, too, even the difficult "Mc"s being expertly handled. They put monograms on berets, for a change, as well as on handkerchiefs, scarves, shirt-blouses, and so on. Some designs may be duplicated in metal for your handbag. Also, you may find a new wrinkle in evening bags—exact copies of 1830 reticules. There are tiny ones of crêpe de Chine and deeper ones of satin, in all kinds of pastel colors, costing four sixty-four. And charming, too. Another gadget that is finding favor is jewelled clips for dresses or hats (not jointed, but constructed on the paper-clip principle, which is a sturdy notion). These have enamel initials on mother-of-pearl, covered with glass. Eighteen dollars or so up—and they're new.

BLOOMINGDALE, despite the hurly-burly attendant on enlarging the store for a magnificent fall opening, is offering a good collection of separate collar-and-cuff sets of all types—hard to find, though increasingly popular. You can get them in beading, if you insist; you can get net fichus; you can purchase couturier copies, imported, with hand fagotting on organdie, mousseline de soie, georgette, and handker-

"Yeah, he's good-looking—but I guess you know hairdressers, dearie."

☆

An Impression

OF SUMMER CHIC AT BERGDORF GOODMAN...ON THE PLAZA

When the woman of taste seeks the top of the mode in America, she finds it at Bergdorf Goodman . . . in her size and all her pet colors! July chiffons and linens . . . lace and openwork frocks . . . Rodier shirtwaist silks . . . trotabout jacket prints . . . beguiling white organdie ruffled with a blue sash . . . and all the hats, shoes and accessories to create the mood of summer.

BERGDORF GOODMAN

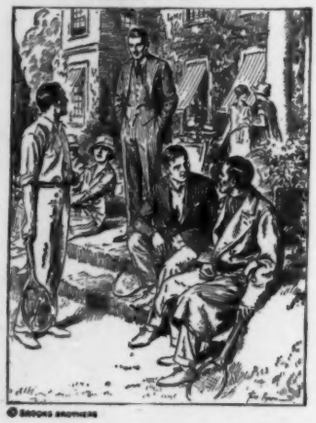
NEW YORK

☆

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers
CLOTHING
Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK



Outfits for Summer Sport

Send for "A Wardrobe for Lawn Tennis & Yachting"

BRANCH STORES
BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

SHAGREEN
SCENTED
CIGARETTES
ROYALTY'S FAVORITE SMOKE

Finest blend . . . skillfully treated with rare aromatic gums. . . . Satisfying with pleasing aftertaste. . . .

Also Unscented Cigarettes

SOLD WHERE SOCIETY GATHERS —AT HOTELS—SHOPS—ETC.

Attractive Packages of 10s, 50s and 100s

SHAGREEN PRODUCTS CO., Inc., 117 E. 24th St., N. Y. C.

CROWN LAVENDER
SMELLING
SALTS

At home, at the theatre, while shopping or traveling, or if you find yourself in stuffy rooms or crowded places, the pungent fragrance of Crown Lavender Smelling Salts clears the brain, steadies the nerves, counteracts faintness and weariness. It is invigorating—a delight and comfort. Sold everywhere. Schieffelin & Co., 16-26 Cooper Square, New York.

FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

THE NEW YORKER,
25 West 45th Street, New York.
Please enter my subscription to THE NEW YORKER for—
☐ 1 Year—$5.00 ☐ 2 Years—$8.00
(POSTAGE: Canada, 50c; Foreign, $1.00 additional per year)

Name.....

Address.....

Subscribers ordering a change of address are requested to notify us at least three weeks prior to the date of the issue with which it is to take effect

chief linen. They also have numbers of sets in a batiste which does not crush the way the crisper kind insists on doing. These are edged with real Val lace and have embroidery that looks sort of hand-done in the same color as the batiste. You can pay from fifty-nine cents upward, the prices ascending according to the sets' ability to be serene under close inspection.

If you have $2.95 kicking around in your purse with no other home, it is well to note that you can find chic summer handbags for that very modest sum. There are some of an oyster-white shantung, lined with the same fabric. A huge prystal oblong ornament, or a conventionalized daisy of prystal, makes an effective clasp. The bags come in envelope style. You may also get them in linen lined with linen (look at one of yellow with a black lining). I call these finds. You can't have enough of this kind of thing, and they really do look more expensive than they are.

ECONOMY NOTE: The shop of Barbara Chapin, 685 Madison Avenue, has simple dresses of a silky shirting in pastel and white colorings for $10—to make your wardrobe more imposing. And, for $8.50, in no time at all, you can have simple hats of rough white or natural straws made right on your head. These may have a variety of bands to match your various costumes.

SPECIALIZED knacks around town are still sufficiently rare, even in this efficient age, to encourage comment. There is always an audience, I find, for the artist at pointing out the exact shade of West Hungarian lizard that harmonizes best with your ankle bones. (By the way, these girls who use bright red nail polish ought to be more careful about the shade of their lipstick.) At Goldfarb, the florist, 160 East Fifty-seventh Street, lurks a woman known as Mrs. Pusinelli, who happens to have a talent for choosing flowers that will be in harmony with their surroundings. She will visit your apartment, note the colorings and general tone of the place, and look over the vases, and from then on you may order flowers by telephone and be sure of getting an unusual and tasteful selection. She has a Way with a dinner table. Also, she has an endearing habit of telling you the bargains of the day when you phone in your order. Somebody for hostesses to keep in mind. —L. L.

When it comes to Sanitary Lingerie

PARIS PREFERS KLEINERT'S

MANY a smart Parisienne whose frocks are created by a *Grand Couturier* of the *Place Vendôme,* wears under them protective lingerie styled by Kleinert's. Just as Kleinert's Dress Shields assure the protection of the underarm, so these dainty, well-shaped sanitary aprons and step-ins can be depended upon to keep your skirts free from wrinkles and safeguard even the sheerest fabrics in any emergency.

Well stocked Notion Counters—all over America and in most European capitals—can show you charming styles cut expressly for the new fitted fashions. Be sure to ask for *Kleinert's* sanitary lingerie and look for the label.

Fashion's color card finds accurate reflection in Kleinert's Dress Shields—32 shades with which to match your frocks!

Stop for a moment at our Paris headquarters, 30 rue Joubert—we always welcome visitors. All your favorite Kleinert's products may be purchased here as well as in the better Paris shops and stores.

Kleinert's

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

"Perfect as **KLEINERT'S DRESS SHIELDS**"

going to the dogs

isn't half so bad as rushing the cinematic growler at other movies, when you can go to

the rivoli—united artists

where there's "holiday" taken by pathe with ann harding, mary astor, robert ames at the public's expense.

or the rialto

where there's that high-flying "byrd at the south pole" . . . paramount gets to the bottom of the world and brings back an exciting chunk.

or the paramounts

where there's paramount's "love among the millionaires"... clara bow taking off for some heart-to-heart flights. organ music by the crawfords.

luxurious and comfortable,

these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Life In and Out of a Penitentiary

AFTER the events at Auburn and Ohio State Penitentiary it was inevitable that there should be a major movie of prison life before many months had passed. Also after, I might say, "The Last Mile" and "The Criminal Code." Therefore "The Big House," at the Astor, was to be expected, and in many ways it is the best movie on this subject yet to appear. So expert are many of the scenes, so effective the photography, so direct and spare the dialogue, that certain obvious, silly, and dull moments may almost be overlooked.

These feeble portions of the picture are obviously due to a precept, once nurtured, I think, by the movie-makers but possibly growing antiquated. "Journey's End" and "All Quiet" were not trammelled by its demands, and both are momentous successes. I refer, of course, to the classic thesis that every movie should have a "love story," a "sentimental interest." In "The Big House" the amorous note not only is irrelevant to the actual story—dragged in, as it were, by the heels—but it is extraordinarily dull in itself. The lady, for instance, runs a little bookshop, which is really no sort of occupation for a heroine of high romance. To be sure there is a moment in a moonlit garden with her lover, the escaped convict, when the police crash in upon them; and when he is eventually released, there she is at the gates in her roadster. Neither of these encounters is so glamorous as to excuse its banality. The last is so conventional, so according to rule, that one hardly bothers any longer to notice it. In this case, indeed, you are busy collecting the remnants of garments you will have torn to bits in the excitement of the preceding scenes.

The big moment is that of the riot, when the prisoners have broken from their cells and hold the square block of building as their fortress, triumphant until the warden drives in upon them with the tanks. This very much suggests "The Last Mile," with the advantage of the scope that the camera gives, the sense of the largeness of the whole performance, the vastness of the prison structure. It is the most stupendous climax, but perhaps not so compelling as some of the earlier views: the row in the mess hall, the scene in the prison chapel when the prisoners preparing for the break pass their guns along while kneeling for the Lord's Prayer. All the big mass scenes, all the prison interiors, are first-class.

Chester Morris is the forger (also the lover) with that smooth and *soigné* appearance we understand to be characteristic of forgers; Wallace Beery is a pleasure as the roughneck who has done a bit of murdering here and there in his past; and Robert Montgomery suggests one of those cases which must be very tiring to the official criminal class—the young man in prison as the result of an accident, who never does adapt himself to the change in his circumstances, turns stool pigeon at every moment, and then has hysterics in every crisis.

CRIMINAL and underworld doings set the pace for most of the new pictures of the week. "Czar of Broadway" is probably the most fantastic of the lot. The title would suggest a Broadway treatise, but the scenes are so extravagant, the master minds of the gamblers' world presented so acute, the sums of money mentioned so excessive, and the sentimental attachments formed so unaccountable, that I guess it must be a Broadway on Mars.

"The Border Legion" is really a better affair. This adaptation of a Zane Grey novel presents Richard Arlen as a cowhand (a very noble-minded cowhand, though he does fall into rather bad company for a while) in those days when bullets were more common in Idaho than potatoes. The Legion abducts a young woman, an achievement which leads to its undoing, although to a glimpse of love's spiritual value for the cowhand. This heroine moves gravely in crinolines through her dilemma with that sad, superior smile of the lady exposed to the brutalities of men.

"The Big Fight," at the Globe, gives us just night clubs, gangsters, and a good prizefight which is not framed, because of the integrity of a woman in love. "Swing High," at the Cohan, hints at some criminal doings in a travelling circus. Altogether there seems to be a great deal of crime in the world in spite of the prevalence of beautiful and saintly women. —J. C. M.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY

"Please, Mister, c'n I fly it?"

At the crack of dawn, while her family still slept, this 15-year-old kid took forbidden flying lessons. "The Boys" used to call her "the headless pilot." She couldn't even see over the edge of the cockpit.

© P. Lorillard Co.

ELINOR SMITH

Eighteen years old . . . and she's risen higher than any other woman in all world history. "Born with wings," say hard-boiled pilots. "The kid's a 'natural' when you put her in a plane."

But there's another young ace with that same story.

OLD GOLD hopped off just four years ago. In less than three months it zoomed into favor. In one short year it had climbed to the ceiling. Today, it holds the coast-to-coast record . . . as America's fastest growing cigarette.

For, OLD GOLD, too, is a *natural* flyer. Made of better tobaccos. Endowed by nature with a new taste-thrill. Free from irritants. More smoke pleasure. Greater throat-ease.

OLD GOLD, too, was "born with wings."

ON OCTOBER 24, 1926, the first carload of OLD GOLDS reached the Pacific coast . . . endless trainloads have been going westward ho ever since . . . with nary a cough in a carload.

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

THE OARSMEN

Three Old-Timers Up at Poughkeepsie—The Ruck

THE past came into its own on the Hudson this year. Not in any event of recent years has youth received such a setback as that which three gentlemen of the old school dealt out at Poughkeepsie. Jim Wray, who has been rowing and coaching for more years than some of the coaches pitted against him have been living, brought Cornell to the head of the river; Jim Ten Eyck, who was winning professional races when many of the others were still unborn, sent his Syracuse varsity into second place, and without any trouble; and Bill Haines, who was rowing on the Thames a quarter of a century ago, surprised everyone by bringing his Tech crew in third. It was an astounding affair. That evening the men from the West were still wondering what had happened.

Moreover, the way in which Cornell won was as old-fashioned as a Currier & Ives print. In the years since the war, the younger coaches have been listening to the old-timers courteously, but a shade incredulously. Old Pop Courtney, they were told, used to send crews to Poughkeepsie that paddled along at twenty-seven or twenty-eight strokes to the minute, and won races. What was more, they won by wide margins. The young men were polite about it—but of course that couldn't be done today. The going is too fast and too hard. So they waited this year, as usual, to see what the crews from the West would do. They saw Cornell, swinging along in the twenties, for all the world as though it were out for an evening's paddle, sail away from the rest. Behind Cornell was Syracuse, not going at a much higher rate, sliding easily into second place.

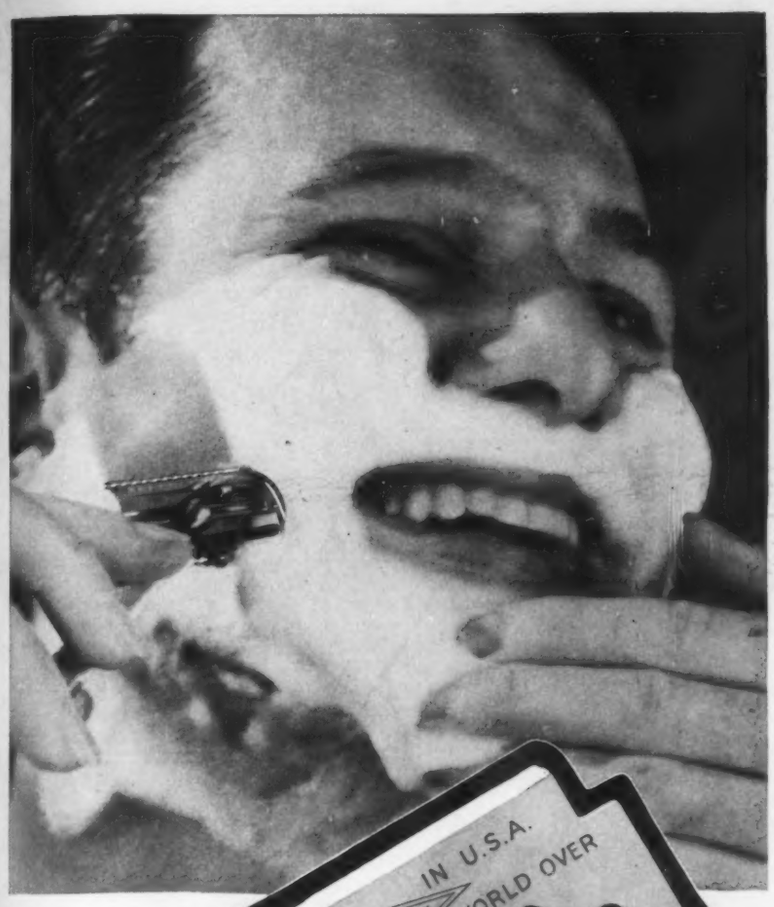
THEY came from a tough school, Ten Eyck and Wray. Both got their training in single sculls, in days when sculling matches attracted as much attention as heavyweight prize-fights do now. During his years at Harvard, in the decade preceding the war, Ten Eyck often coached from his single. He would get a tremendous run in his boat; they still tell at Cambridge how he would take three strokes to the ordinary eight's four and cover the same distance.

Some of that long, punching drive was in this Cornell eight. They rode through the rough water evenly and unemotionally. They moved up from fifth place during the second mile as calmly as though they were alone on the river. They continued that way to the end, even disdaining to sprint at the finish.

TECH's achievement was the most appealing. There is no football team, and consequently there are no gate receipts, at M.I.T.—and at most colleges it is the money earned by the football team that pays for the crews. Less than ten years ago some of the undergraduates decided that the Charles River, running past their door, was going to waste. So they bought an old, patched-up shell from a boat club and began rowing. For years they had to use borrowed boats when they were racing away from home, for they were unable to pay the freight on their own shells. Then for a while they arranged to buy Oxford's boats at second hand. It was not until this year that they had new shells and good equipment. Also, since studies are rigorous at M.I.T., there is not much time for rowing. Until spring brings longer twilights, the men have to get their practice in the morning, going out for months in the chill of dawn, rowing before breakfast.

They received a warm welcome at Poughkeepsie, but more or less as an unimportant addition to the list of entries. They brought the number of varsity crews up to nine, and that was interesting. A tent was pitched for them on the lawn of the Navy boathouse and they kept their shells there, afraid all during the training period that a windstorm would blow the tent away and ruin their boats.

Nobody paid particular attention to



$1.00 *for ten; 50c for five. The New Gillette Blade in the new green packet.*

More shaves Better shaves

WHEN we introduced the New Gillette Blade, we were confident that it had the keenest SHAVING edge ever produced.

Public response has proved it. If you haven't yet experienced the thrill of a shave with this new blade, even in your old Gillette, stop at your dealer's today.

No other blade offers you its VALUABLE SHAVING IMPROVEMENTS.

TRADE Gillette MARK

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO.
BOSTON, U. S. A.

Insist on GENUINE

New Gillette Blades

BASCOM THEATRE SERVICE
1511 Broadway
One of the Hotel Astor street front shops
VANDERBILT -5900

". . . But why didn't you get the tickets before dinner?"

"Didn't have time, my dear. Ten minutes—"

"That was plenty of time if you *knew* anything. You and your theatre ticket tours! *One* stop is enough when you go to Bascom."

Bascom branches at 1511 Broadway, The Biltmore, Plaza, Savoy-Plaza, Vanderbilt, Commodore, Belmont, Astor and St. Regis

THE OPEN DOOR INN
AT WESTPORT CONN
AND GREENWICH TOO
ON THE POST ROAD

Out-of-door dining at Westport, under great trees—overlooking the water. Delicious food and an unusual atmosphere. The Open Door Inn at Greenwich is charming, too.

Telephone
WESTPORT 1210 GREENWICH 2171

The LAST MILE
20th WEEK
Herman Shumlin Presents
"Amazingly successful play"—*Sun*
with Thomas Mitchell
SAM H. HARRIS
THEA. 42nd ST. W. of B'WAY
EVS. 8:50 MATS. WED. & SAT. 2:30

LYSISTRATA
with
VIOLET KEMBLE COOPER, ERNEST TRUEX
MIRIAM HOPKINS, SYDNEY GREENSTREET
HORTENSE ALDEN, ERIC DRESSLER
44th ST. THEATRE West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

MANSFIELD THEA., W. 47th St. Evs. 8:30
Matinees Wed. & Sat., 2:30
THE
GREEN PASTURES
PULITZER PRIZE PLAY
"The Divine comedy of the theatre"—*Times*

them. Before the regatta, only Bill Haines had much confidence in his crew. They had made good time in a trial row and he knew what they could do. Even as they set the pace in the first two miles of the varsity race, the crowd on the banks kept waiting for them to drop back. They did drop back, for a way, but they stood off the only real competition the West had to offer; and they finished third the second year they had rowed at Poughkeepsie.

FOR those Western crews, wallowing behind in the ruck, there was bitter disillusion. The Washington oarsmen were pretty confident. They even thought they had a chance for a clean sweep of the river. They must, however, have seen what was in store for them when Cornell outrowed them in the junior-varsity race.

Washington, Navy, and Columbia were as badly treated as any crew has ever been. All through the last mile, in addition to the head wind and the heavy seas, these eights had to fight their way through the backwash of a Coast Guard boat which kept serenely in front of them while its crew watched the race.

However, while the wake of the Coast Guard boat may have kept them from making up some distance, it had no real bearing on the result of the race. The crews were beaten long before the finish. They were really beaten in the first two miles, when Tech set the pace and Cornell and Syracuse, paddling down through rough water, began putting on the steady, relentless pressure which was to carry them through lengths ahead of the rest.

AT POUGHKEEPSIE: Al Ulbrickson coming ashore from the Washington launch to board the observation train. . . . Ky Ebright, all alone, walking up the bank to the start. . . . All the crews ready and in their places when the referee's boat came back from the second race. . . . Knute Rockne attending a crew race, and enjoying it. . . . Jim Wray's delight after it was all over. . . . The Navy varsity being fished out of the river. . . . The blistering heat. . . . The crowd gasping for breath in the observation cars.

—R. F. K.

•

Mr. Frederick C. Brown jr. has arrived in his leased cottage from New York.—*Herald Tribune social note.*

Drawn by four horses?

EMBASSY
THE NEWSREEL THEATRE
BROADWAY AND 46th ST.
ANY SEAT 25¢ ANY TIME
Continuous 10 A.M. to MIDNITE
PRESENTING AN ALL SOUND NEWSREEL PROGRAM
Complete change of program weekly
Midnight Show every Saturday

50 MILLION FRENCHMEN
A Musical Comedy Tour of Paris
with WM. GAXTON, MADELINE CAMERON and HELEN BRODERICK
"'Fifty Million Frenchmen' happens to be just the best thing of its sort in seven or so years."
—*Gilbert Gabriel, N. Y. American*
LYRIC THEATRE W. 42nd St. Evs. 8:30
Special Mat. Fri. 2:30
Regular Mat. Sat. 2:30
Good Seats at Box Office

The Theatre Guild Presents
THE NEW GARRICK GAIETIES
GUILD THEATRE, 52nd St. W. of B'way.
Evs. 8:30. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30

GEORGE WHITE'S APOLLO THEA., W. 42 St. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat.
GEORGE WHITE'S
ACE OF MUSICAL COMEDIES
FLYING HIGH
With BERT LAHR OSCAR SHAW
SONGS BY DE SYLVA-BROWN & HENDERSON

10th MONTH
Brock Pemberton Presents
Strictly Dishonorable
Comedy Hit by Preston Sturges
Staged by Antoinette Perry & Mr. Pemberton
This attraction never at cut rates
AVON THEATRE W. 45 St. Dir. *A. L. Erlanger*
Evs. 8:50. Mats. Thurs. & Sat. 2:30
THEATRE COOLED BY ICED AIR

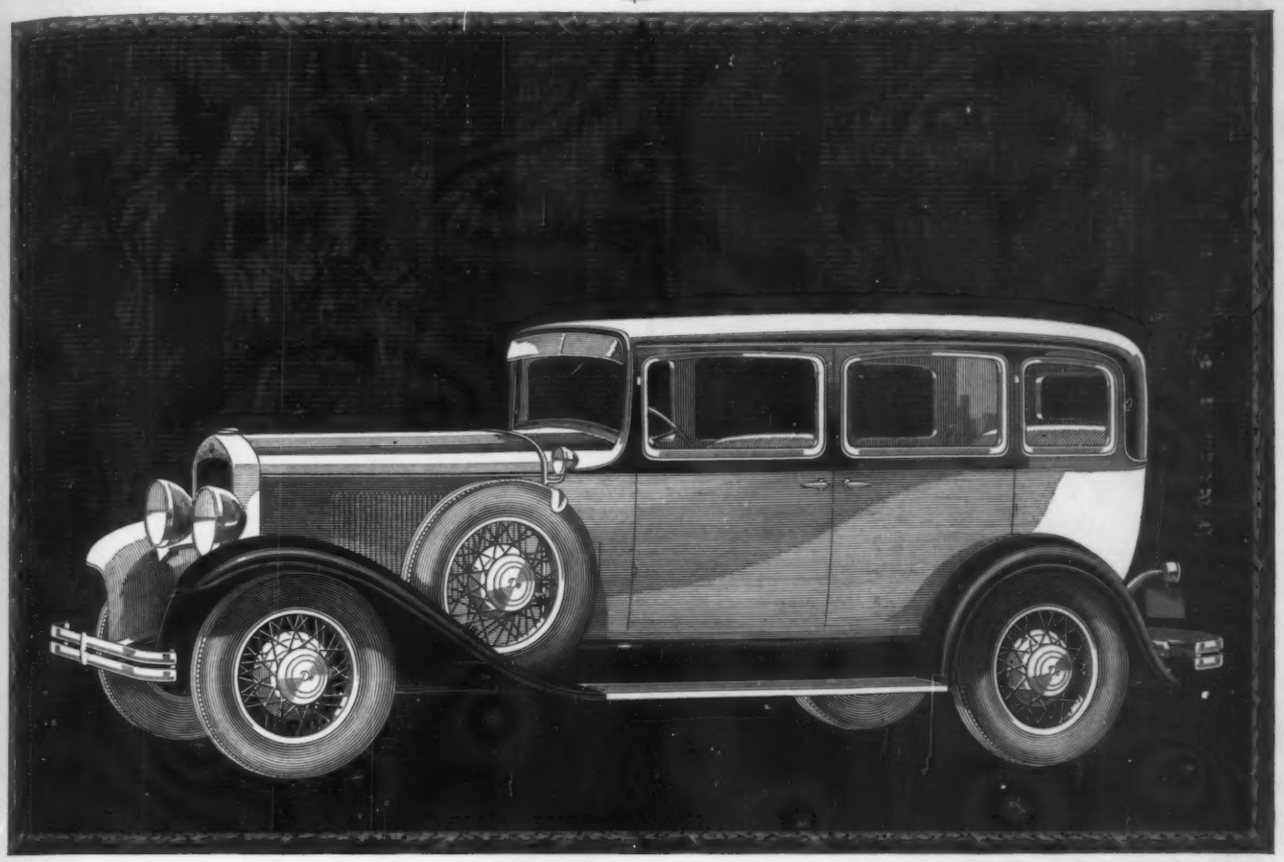
"Finest War Picture."—Telegram
"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"
A Universal Picture. Presented by Carl Laemmle
CENTRAL B'way & 47th St.
Daily 2:45—8:45
3 times Saturday and Sunday, 2:45—5:45—8:45

MAJESTIC THEA. 44th St. W. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
PHIL BAKER AILEEN STANLEY SHAW & LEE
in
ARTISTS and MODELS
SIRENS OF CEYLON
Reigning Success of The Folies Bergère
GEORGE HASSELL VERA PEARCE
THEATRE COOLED TO 70°

EARL CARROLL
8th Edition VANITIES All New
56 Glittering Scenes—1000 Laughs
HERB WILLIAMS—JIMMY SAVO—JACK BENNY
30 other featured players and the
Most Beautiful Girls in the World
PRICES: Evs. $1 to $6—Mats. $1 to $3.50
& Tax. 462 Good Seats at $1.00
NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, W. 42 ST
Matinees Wednesday and Saturday, 2:30

LEXINGTON
LOEW'S
July 5, 6, 7: RAMON NOVARRO in "Gay Madrid", & WALTER HAGEN in "Match Play"; July 8 & 9: GEORGE SIDNEY in "Around the Corner"; July 10 & 11: "Strictly Unconventional".
51ST ST. & LEXINGTON AVE.

WORLD'S LOWEST-PRICED EIGHT



DE SOTO

STRAIGHT EIGHT

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

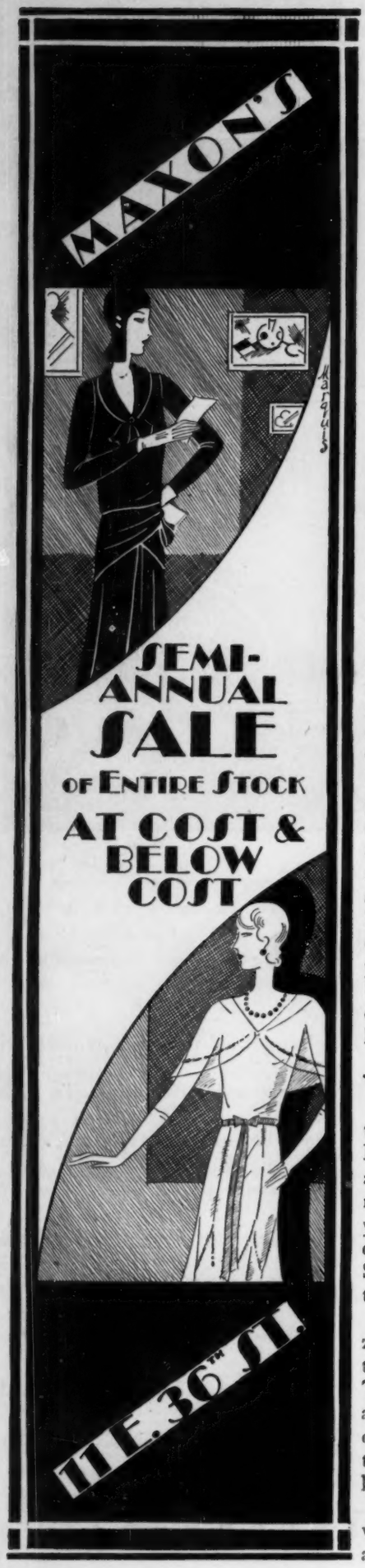
No longer does a penalty of high price attach to all things of quality; things which make life richer and broader and happier. Time brings great developments. Standards constantly change. Ways are found to produce better and still better products to sell at lower and still lower prices. Possessions which in other times would have been excessively expensive are, by the magic changes of progress, rendered inexpensive. Today, in the sphere of motor cars, this welcome truth is made clear by the new Chrysler-built De Soto Straight Eight—the lowest-priced eight in the world.

$965

AND UP, F. O. B. FACTORY

KILBOURN MOTOR SALES, INCORPORATED

Sales: 1757-59 Broadway—*Maintenance and Parts:* 125 West End Avenue at 65th Street



LONDON LETTER

LONDON, JUNE 25

AFTER the Whitsun Bank Holiday, London and its surrounding country looked as if a swarm of locusts had passed over. The grass in the parks was brown and trampled; torn newspapers fluttered in the streets; in every open space battalions of men with long spears labored to strip the earth of its covering of bags and cardboard boxes.

Those scraps of newspaper spoke of a depression, but I never remember seeing such hordes of people before, or people so well dressed and with so much money to spend. Sixty thousand (for some obscure reason) visited the Crystal Palace. At the Zoo the elephants trod delicately among a mob of a hundred thousand jammed tightly between the cages. On Hampstead Heath there were cokernut shies and swing-boats and uncountable thousands. All day the streets were enlivened with bedecked cart horses on their way to the great parade in Regent's Park, where the King gives prizes every year for the noblest animal and the most elegant van. The prizes are taken annually, with monotonous alternation, by the Buchanan distillery and Scotts, the Bond Street hatters, both of whom uphold the dignity of commerce by delivering your Scotch or your freshly ironed bowler in emblazoned equipages manned by austere coachmen in curly-brimmed white tall hats.

a.

WANDERING among the crowds in Hyde Park, I was struck by the remarkable change in these fellow-Londoners of mine. I have to report a strange outbreak of suede shoes on the men. I saw them everywhere, yet in my young days they were unobtainable except in Oxford and a few shops around St. James', and at very fancy prices, too.

I will say this for my fellow-citizens—they have at last discovered what to do with the divine gift of leisure. They just do nothing. The more athletic wander about and listen to the orators for an hour or two, but mostly they sit in quantities on the grass and look dignified.

I listened to these orators. There was a monocled atheist with white spats and a gold-headed cane who offered to let his audience kneel down and pray God to strike him dead. He was a brave man, but I think there was a touch of defiance in that monocle and those spats without which he was a craven like the rest of us. There was a woman dressed in the costume of a nurse, but her message was so unpopular I did not catch it. The crowd most successfully outyelled her. There was a shaven-pated, bullet-headed youth of bestial appearance who sang hymns. The oddest of all, however, was a young man with the thoughtful voice and manner of an Oxford graduate, who was proving with elaborate precision, and the aid of a match, that Hyde Park, except as a sensation, did not exist.

WHEN I wrote in glowing terms recently of the glory of a London season I was overoptimistic. There is no season. The thing began well enough but now it has simply petered out. There has been quite an abrupt redistribution of wealth in England. The people who used to be the people who made seasons have quietly gone to the country or are staying indoors. Meanwhile, the actual mechanism of the season runs on without the hands that should guide it. The Richmond horse show made an attempt to revive veils and the sidesaddle for ladies, but nobody cared. The Royal Military Tournament at Olympia was attended by an entirely new set of people. The Hurlingham Club, despairing of its members, has opened its gates to the general public for the polo matches, with conspicuous success. Its glory has departed, though.

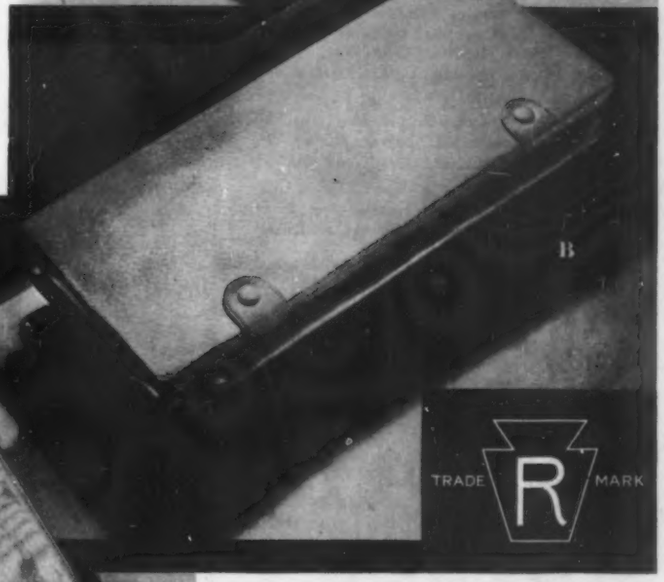
The unusual apathy about the Derby was noticed in every paper. It is a dark day for England when the Derby is ignored. Nobody even seemed to know the names of the horses till three days before the race, when there was a general and rather listless agreement that Diolite would win. He didn't. Moreover, the Aga Khan, who led in the winner, runs horses for the sensation, not for the lucre, and "hadn't a bob on." What sort of a race is that?

The only sidelight on the affair which aroused a glimmer of interest was the unfortunate history of the little syndicate of Somersetshire locomotive-drivers and brakemen who drew the

So Much Depends

ON THE WAY YOU PACK YOUR BAG

IN TRAVEL, as with so many things in life, the comforts we take for granted are really quite important. A deck chair in the sun . . . friends to meet one at the station . . . the reflection that tickets, visas, and cheques have all been cared for . . . these, in their aggregate, add greatly to the enjoyment of the journey. • To a man, especially, there is a not-inconsiderable pleasure in the assurance that the things in his bag lie within easy reach, neatly and tastefully arranged. He never has to hunt. And with proper cases to guard them, he knows that his cravats are still unwrinkled . . . his shirts fresh enough to wear . . . and mirror, razor and brushes exactly where he placed them, hours before. • Among men of cultivated taste, such cases are frequently of fine leather. And if it were possible for you to examine them, you would find the great majority imprinted with a tiny golden keystone R. This insignia, placed upon each article manufactured by C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., is the symbol of a high tradition. • That tradition derives from a belief, held by the founder, that only the finest leather goods should go out from this establishment. Today, members of the family, actively engaged in the direction of the firm, are dedicated to the same resolve. • C. F. Rumpp & Sons, Inc., manufacture fine leather articles of every description, excepting luggage. At better haberdashers' stores, at leather goods stores, department stores, jewelers, and stationers.



A . . . A toilet case, in pigskin, lined with scarlet leather and equipped to open with a slide fastener. Fittings are of ebony and black celluloid. It may be had in a variety of other leathers.

B . . . A combination handkerchief, neckwear, and collar case in pigskin, lined with ecru moire silk. The case is made with a collapsible folding gusset.

C . . . A neckwear case, in pigskin, lined with ecru moire silk. The case may be had in other leathers, with other linings.

C. F. RUMPP & SONS, INC.

By Invitation Member

PHILADELPHIA and NEW YORK
ESTABLISHED 1850

New York to and from

California

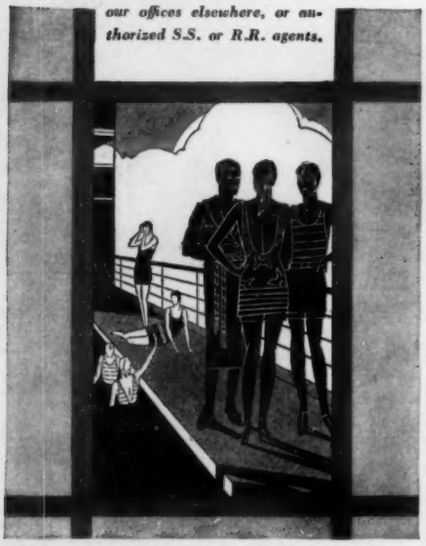
through **Panama Canal**
via **Havana**

Three great, new turbo-electric liners, each over 33,000 tons—*S. S. California, S. S. Virginia, S. S. Pennsylvania.* All outside rooms, many with baths. Outdoor, built-in-deck swimming pools. All modern shipboard luxuries.

13 days Coast-to-Coast. Fortnightly sailings. Special garage decks for passengers' autos taken uncrated as baggage.

Special round trips—One Way Water, One Way Rail—at reduced rates.

Apply to No. 1 Broadway, New York; our offices elsewhere, or authorized S.S. or R.R. agents.



Panama Pacific Line ALL NEW STEAMERS
INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

winning number in the Calcutta sweep. They were interviewed exhaustively on their reactions and their aspirations, their political and religious opinions, and their family histories. One of them went straight off and bought a car. Then it was discovered the people in Calcutta had made a mistake in the numbers, which struck everybody as a disgraceful business. Meanwhile, the Somersetshire trains still ran on time.

Finally, to conclude this melancholy recital, Royal Ascot, the most magnificent and aristocratic race meeting of the year, whose Royal Enclosure you may enter only by personal invitation from the Royal Chamberlain (and payment of five guineas) is to be debased. An enormous new stand and enclosure has been prepared to which the public will be admitted for five shillings. Luncheon will be served at two-and-six.

THERE has been one bright spot in the season. We have had a feast of music this spring and summer calculated to produce emotional indigestion in the most iron soul. First the military precision of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, with the redoubtable Herr Furtwängler, whose hands, when he conducts, are said to resemble snipe in flight. His orchestra has a curious quality about the horns which fascinates people who bother about that kind of thing. Then Toscanini, in triumph, and the New York Philharmonic-Symphony. Most people seem to be agreed that this is the best orchestra in the world.

However, the most striking phenomenon to be chronicled was the almost hysterical enthusiasm at Covent Garden over "Die Fledermaus." The musical world came in all humility to worship at the shrine of Wagner and stayed to dance before the ark of Strauss. The original program of operas went by the board; the "Fledermaus" was played two and three times a week, and the sacred halls of grand opera resounded to the crash of "The Blue Danube." The highbrows think this is really an awfully good tune. One of these days they will discover "Alexander's Ragtime Band." —A. G.

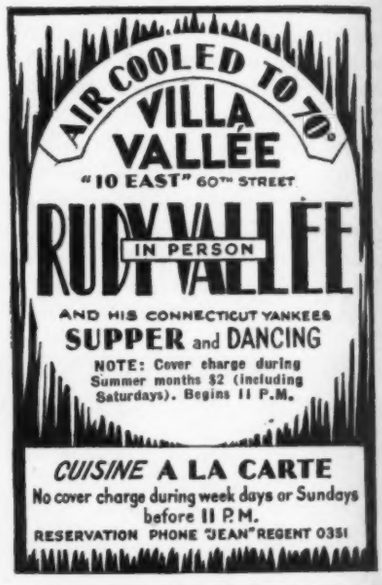
•

FOUR sunny rooms, furnished, enormous terrace, seductive river view, romance under the stars, seventeenth heaven; paradise; low rent. Endicott 1535 or Trafalgar 8106.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Is it under Endicott stars, or Trafalgar stars?

...IT is no routine information we pass along to you when we announce these 3, 4 and 5 room suites on lease. It happens that they are in the Chatham, which is a distinction with a difference. Like to see them?...Telephone Volunteer 5400 and speak to the Manager, Mr. Frank Smith.

HOTEL
CHATHAM
Vanderbilt Avenue and 48th Street
LOU C. WALLICK, *President* **New York City**


AIR COOLED TO 70°
VILLA VALLÉE
"10 EAST" 60TH STREET
RUDY VALLÉE
IN PERSON
AND HIS CONNECTICUT YANKEES
SUPPER and DANCING
NOTE: Cover charge during Summer months $2 (including Saturdays). Begins 11 P.M.
CUISINE A LA CARTE
No cover charge during week days or Sundays before 11 P.M.
RESERVATION PHONE "JEAN" REGENT 0351

55 MINUTES TO ATLANTIC CITY

Daily dependable schedules. Luxurious tri-motored airliners, veritable "club cars" of the air. Constant radio communication—veteran pilots—well trained stewards. Enjoy the aerial view of New York. See Lakehurst Air Station and Atlantic City's famous boardwalk.

For Information — Reservations
Tel.: Caledonia 2276
NEW YORK AIRWAYS
Incorporated
122 East 42nd St., New York

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

DECLARATION

ABOARD THE S.S. BREMEN,
JUNE, 1930

THIS triumphant ship, bound east out of Bremerhafen for New York, enjoys no part of her voyage so much as the few hours when, sleek, glistening, and potent, she lies at anchor in Southampton harbor, ostensibly to wait for the mail-bags and passengers that come down from London to board her, but really to sneer in a quiet maddening way at the British merchant marine. It is grateful balm to the German pride, so sensitive always, and since 1918 so grievously hurt, for this saucy ship thus to call at a port of the world's greatest maritime power, and know that on all the seven seas that power has no craft so swift, or so competent.

By way of reply, the British navy sticks out its tongue. Crippled at Versailles, the German air forces are hopelessly outdistanced by the British. So, from sheer schoolboy exhibitionism, in the traditional My-father-can-lick-your-father manner, the British navy sends out a fleet of show-off planes to dip and roar around the Bremen with tantalizing virtuosity. Round about, round about they hover and wheel like so many scavenger sea gulls, until you quite expect them to dart suddenly into the water and scoop up some morsels the Bremen might cast overboard. Crumbs of admiration and praise, I suppose. And such offal as envy.

BUT nothing can disturb the placidity of your correspondent. On the homeward trip the average American is rendered haggard and ashen by his dark forebodings about the customs inspectors who, rather than Grover Whalen, will greet him on his arrival in New York. He devotes sleepless and sweaty nights in his cabin to his fears about the six unconfessed shirts which Hawes & Curtis made for him in London, to say nothing of the four guilty ounces of Cointreau concealed among his camera films, the half-pint of fair-to-middling brandy craftily stowed away among his innocent toilet articles, and the contraband copy of "Ulysses" (which he will never go so far as to read) blandly included in his declaration under Incidentals.

Yet I doubt if even the Kohinoor diamond could be worth all the searing anxiety which most homeward-bound Americans expend on bringing in a dozen unacknowledged handkerchiefs. And I think it would not be difficult to demonstrate that the really shrewd traveller limits his overseas acquisitions to valuables which can be counted upon to slip unobserved through the clumsy, fumbling fingers of the revenue collectors. Indeed at this moment I lie chuckling in my deck-chair in cosy contemplation of the fact that I shall omit with impunity from my declaration all the best things I picked up in Europe this past spring.

For instance, I am bringing back with me the memory of an afternoon in the cathedral at Bourges, when the ruddy, slanting, April sunshine transformed the slumberous windows of the ambulatory into such glowing jewels as never I saw before in all my days. It cost me a pretty *sou*—that motor trip into the Côte-d'Or. I am glad the inspectors will find no trace of it in my luggage, for it would be something of a chore to figure out just what I paid for it. Probably as much as I would have paid for *two* dozen monogrammed handkerchiefs. But such an expedition is of more serviceable stuff, and will last longer.

Then, in case that sounds a little too like an item which Clayton Hamilton would set down in an ecstasy of culture, let me hasten to add that I am also bringing back the memory of two luncheons at the House of Commons when Mr. Thomas, the weather-beaten old Labor leader, was in anecdotal mood. And the memory—the sacred memory—of a dinner at Chablis, where the sauce for the chicken was so guilefully compounded of butter, cream, port wine, and whiskey, by a cook whose grandfather was *saucier* for Louis-Philippe at the Tuileries, that all of us who tasted it were fairly uplifted. But the inspectors have no eye for such oddments. Nor will they find, hidden away under some duffle in a corner of my mind, the recipe for a certain Gallicism among the hors-d'œuvre as they are provided these days at the Belle Aurore in Paris—an odd dish concocted of tiny young onions, slightly cooked in milk with a few red currants, and then served cold as an appetizer for one's undoing.

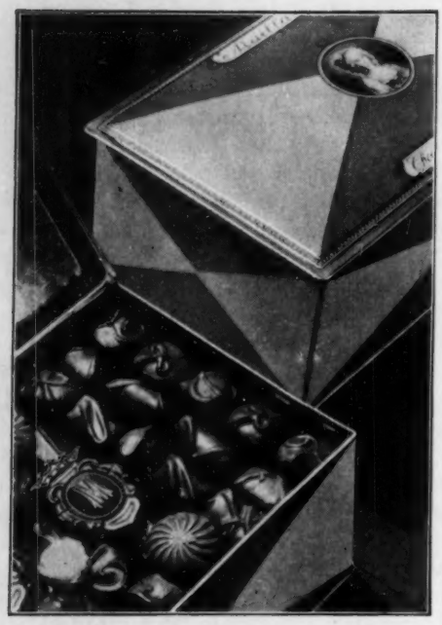
NOR is there, I think, any danger that the inspector will come upon that story I am bringing back from London about the Irishman, the Scotchman, and the Jew who dined together in a restaurant. I particularly like the anecdote because that gambit is so disheartening that any subsequent pith is so much velvet. At first the impression that no good *can* come of such a beginning deepens when a dash of dialect is introduced. I refer to the part about the Irishman asking "Be-jabers, who will pay the check?" and the Scotchman replying "Hoot mon, I will." Which is all there is to the story proper. But, fortunately perhaps, there is a sequel. It deals with the Irishman reading his paper next day, and coming upon a headline with the tidings: "JEWISH VENTRILOQUIST FOUND MURDERED."

Then tucked away alongside is another story from the same interminable suite. It is about the Scotchman calling up a girl to enquire what night that week she would be free. The only drawback to this one is that your audience is likely to say "Yes, yes, go on" when that's all there is to the little idyll. He just wanted to know what night she would be *free*.

It may strike the exacting that such anecdotes scarcely deserve to be listed among one's imponderables, but I shall get them past the customs without difficulty. Indeed, in all my luggage there is nothing tangible to show that I have been abroad at all except those cabalistic monograms in red thread which, with demonic persistence, the European laundresses spend half their time sewing malevolently into every item of one's laundry. Only a Dorothy Parker would be so fanatically scrupulous as to offer to pay duty on a lot of French subjunctives which she was bringing home as good as new. She had been unable to use them while she was in France.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

VISITING *this week-end?*



This package will delight your hostess

A mark of good taste seventy years ago is a mark of good taste today. Now, as in the hoop-skirted, stove-piped 60's, a gentleman pays his respects to his hostess in the same gracious manner . . . by presenting her with a package of Maillard's famous Chocolates.

Maillard's Chocolats Miniature is a delightful gift package. It comes in one and two pound boxes and contains a large assortment of exquisite chocolates of diminutive size. Two dollars the pound.

N. B. Don't take a box of Maillard's along unless you wish to be invited again.

Maillard's
CHOCOLATS
MINIATURE

at better stores everywhere

TITLES MEAN NOTHING

THE moment I heard Mrs. Craig-Higgs' voice on the telephone this morning I knew that things were not well with her.

"Are you theh, my dyeh?" Her voice dropped, wearily. I said I was there. Her voice came back, very dull: "Good. Won't you drop in for a little farewell cup of tea this afternoon? About five, my dyeh."

"Oh, thank you," I replied. "But I didn't know you were going away."

"It's nothing, reahlly. Oberammergau, you know. The 'Passion Play.' One must, I suppose. Don't you agree?" I agreed. Her voice faded away, and then came back with a resolute jerk. "At five, then. Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye," I echoed. I always hate to say "Bye-bye" but when anybody like Mrs. Craig-Higgs says "Bye-bye" to you, what else can you say?

PUNCTUALLY at five, then, I followed the parlormaid, Bodkin, up the stairs to Mrs. Craig-Higgs' drawing-room, which, in the English manner, is on the second floor.

Mrs. Craig-Higgs was not yet down, so I settled myself with a cigarette. My hostess approved of cigarettes, for hadn't Queen Alexandra herself been a smoker? Quite. I looked about the room, which was such a perfect background for my friend. At the water colors of English scenes, done by Mrs. Craig-Higgs herself. At the long French mirror. At the Japanese tea-table, set out for an English tea. At the bust of the Duke of Wellington. At the glass cases of priceless mementos. One of these cases, a low table with a glass top, was near my chair and I fell to studying its contents in detail. There was a glass tube of ashes from Vesuvius, collected by the Honourable Ezra Higgs in April, 1810. There was a soiled bit of Union Jack presented to Captain Percival Craig by Lord Nelson himself for distinguished service in the Mediterranean. There was a button from the uniform in which Major-General Bosworth Craig fell in a battle at a place called Bunker Hill. But the *pièce de résistance* of the case was a lock of coarse white hair preserved with a wisp of red, white, and blue ribbon under a little square of glass, with the label: "Hair from a Goat presented by Queen Victoria to Colonel Hilary Craig-Higgs on May 3, 1881, as a mascot for the 5th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade."

MRS. CRAIG-HIGGS, I remembered suddenly, had been a Miss Pottle, one of the Pottles whom Charles II had honored by—but here she came now, bearing down like a lean British liner, in a teagown of yellow, yellow lace.

"How very kind of you to come, my dyeh." Mrs. Craig-Higgs sighed as Bodkin fetched in tea. "Two lumps, isn't it?" I was flattered by the precision of her memory. "Do have a sandwich—these are cucumber and these gentleman's relish, I believe."

"Thank you so much."

Again she sighed.

"When are you leaving?" I asked, plunging after some subject which might lift this weight from her soul, whatever it was.

"Leaving, my dyeh?"

"For the 'Passion Play.'"

"Oh, that. Oh, to be sure. Tonight. We leave tonight."

Deeply she sighed.

"Well, that certainly is nice," I said. "I can't manage it myself, I guess."

"Oh, yes—reahlly—yes, I presume it is an excellent thing. My cousin Peter—Lord Pottleham, my dyeh—saw the 'Passion Play' last week. He was very impressed, reahlly. And the peasants are reahlly very nice and simple, he says. In order to see the play one has to spend two nights in the village, you know." Suddenly Mrs. Craig-Higgs pulled herself together and went on with quite noticeable force: "He stayed in the house of the Jesus one, you know."

"Oh," I said. "Do you stay in the houses of the Players themselves?"

"Where else can one stay, my dyeh? They're all Players, reahlly." Her eyes flashed. "But I must say that they do dispose of one in the most high-handed way. They simply put you where they like, apparently."

All her languor was now quite gone.

"I myself wrote for our reservations, my dyeh. My dyeh friend—that is, Lady Eggam—is accompanying me. I asked that we be given rooms with the

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
VICTOR RECORDS
The music you want when you want it.

MORE NEW
BEETHOVEN
THIRD PIANO CONCERTO
In C Minor Op. 37

GS Album Series No.— Price complete $8.00 — Played by Mark Hambourg (Piano and Symphony Orchestra). Conducted by Dr. Malcolm Sargent. Eight 12" records (four discs).

GS Album Series No.— Price complete $5.50 — VIOLIN AND PIANO SONATA in F Major Op. 24, "The Spring". Played by Erika Morini and N. Schwab. Six 10" records (three discs).

GS Album Series No.— Price complete $7.00 — PIANO SONATA in D Minor Op. 31, No. 2. Played by Frederick Lamond. Five 12" records; record No. 6 contains Braleus Capriccio in B Minor Op. 76. (three discs).

MANY OTHERS

Call or write for our 214 page Encyclopedia of the World's Best Recorded Music. Not listed in any American catalogue. Price twenty-five cents postpaid.

All discs reviewed in the New Yorker may be heard and obtained at

The Gramophone Shop

Specialists in Imported and Domestic Phonograph Records
18 EAST 48TH STREET
NEW YORK
Wickersham 1876

Directly on the Ocean

THE ESSEX & SUSSEX
SPRING LAKE, NEW JERSEY
NOW OPEN
A RESORT HOTEL of distinctive superiority. Two 18-hole golf courses. Hot and cold salt water baths.
New 100-Room Addition
Booklet, Floor Plan and Rates on Application..... Telephone: Spring Lake 255.
C. S. KROM, Manager

Steamer Baskets!

When he, she or they sail, entrain or arrive, a Hicks Steamer Basket or Merry Trip Box certainly helps! To your order, cabled, radio'd, or delivered.

And by the way—have you tried a Hicks Soda lately?

H. HICKS & SON INC
675 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK
At 53rd St. *Plaza 5453*
ESTABLISHED 1863

Jesus one, where my cousin Peter stayed, you know. This morning I had a reply—perfectly literate, reahlly, and all that—but though Grace—Lady Eggam, that is—is booked with Jesus they put me out with one of the Marys. The Magdalene one, in fact."

"Oh," I said.

"Not that it matters. I don't mind in the least. But it is amusing—don't you agree? But—but reahlly, do you think the *titles* might have had something to do with it? Peter is Lord Pottleham. Gracie is Lady Eggam. Not at all the same sort of thing here in England—John Eggam began life as a greengrocer, my dyeh!—but who knows that abroad? Anyhow, they stay with Jesus while I, who am merely Missis, am shifted off with Mary Magdalene." Mrs. Craig-Higgs laughed airily and took a bite of a cucumber sandwich. "It's extr'ord'n'ry, my dyeh, how *un*-important titles are here in England, but abroad . . ." —FRANCES CRANE

•

PAVEMENT PORTRAITS

THE NAVIGATOR

Upon the lake in Central Park
He comes, especially after dark,
And pays his money, and sheds his coat,
And navigates his rented boat.

Within the stern—it's rather low—
His lady sits to watch him row;
A very nautical lad is he,
And much more safe than on the sea.

His hat askew across his head,
His shirtsleeves up, his blisters red,
He steers his course between the shores
With elegant splashings of his oars.

Let other boaters puff and pump,
Let other boats collide and bump—
But he, for romance all athirst,
Rows amorously on, stern first.

So while the city stands at all,
And boats are boats, and hire is small,
He'll come, especially after dark,
To navigate in Central Park.

—BURKE BOYCE

•

DR. HELBIG SAYS: Many abnormal visual acuity often clears when using eyeglasses or changing them and when eyestrain or incoordinate ocular muscles, sometimes either not seemingly yet exist, and why eyes straighten is muscular adaptation. These reason some people use eyeglasses? Glad to explain.—*Lynchburg (Va.) News.*

We're afraid you'll have to.

SEASIDE
AIR
INDOORS

the refrigerated air of the four New Yorker restaurants makes them as refreshingly cool as the seashore...and in the Summer Terrace, where Barney Rapp and his orchestra play nightly at dinner and supper, dancing is a delightful summer pastime.

The New Yorker Hotel is the tallest and largest in the city ...2500 rooms, each with radio; both tub and shower, circulating ice-water, Servidor. All rooms are outside and have two or more windows. Rates from $3.50 up for one . . . $5 and up for two.

THE NEW YORKER
Manhattan's Largest and Tallest Hotel
34TH STREET AT EIGHTH AVENUE
RALPH HITZ • MANAGING DIRECTOR

WE STAND CORRECTED

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER,
SIRS:

I WISH to advise you herewith that the paragraph devoted to me under the title "Grover's Feast," in your issue of May 24, contains one of the rankest tissues of deliberate falsehoods I ever have read, and does me a great injustice.

It is unworthy of The New Yorker, and reflects seriously upon its conception of what constitutes good journalism.

So that you may gain an idea of the character, talents and worth of the person who furnished, and the reporter who gathered, the details of the Whalen dinner for your publication; the ridiculousness of the mis-statement of facts bearing reference to me, and the extent of the injustice done me, without warrant, by the publication of these falsehoods, I herewith enlighten you as to the facts in the matter singled out by you for review.

IN making my reservation for the testimonial dinner to my esteemed friend, the Honorable Grover A. Whalen, I did not, as stated by you, request that I be seated "directly in front of the dais." The language of my remarks was, in substance and effect, that, if at all convenient, and possible, a place be reserved for me "within close proximity of the dais."

The song submitted by me to the Committee was dedicated to Commissioner Whalen, and was intended for use as a public tribute to his fine and eloquent civic attainments. I did not, as stated by you, ask that it be sung "by the chairman," and the charge is not only absurd, but an insult to the intelligence. As a matter of fact, I suggested that copies of the song in question be printed for all the guests, and sung by them, in the spirit of the evening, as the Commissioner entered the place of honor.

The last of your statements, concerning my absence from the dinner, was the most painful and conscienceless of untruths, and made me sick at heart. I did not attend the dinner to Commissioner Whalen by reason of the death of my mother three days previous to the testimonial—on Saturday morning, May 3. The press carried stories of the misfortune, and many of my friends who attended the dinner had received the information from that source. It seems to me that a sad circumstance such as this should have been respected, to say the least.

I communicated this information over the telephone to, and confirmed it in writing with, Mr. John R. Young, who was in charge of the banquet arrangements, and who acknowledged my communication forthwith. On the night of the banquet, I sent a congratulatory telegram to Commissioner Whalen at the Astor, and in extending my regrets at my inability to be present to help do him honor, stated the unfortunate reason. Despite all this, my enforced absence was deliberately misrepresented by you, I was placed in a false light publicly, and greatly embarrassed and humiliated.

I am at a loss to understand what actuated the author of the offending paragraph, and his informant, to deliberately misrepresent the facts, particularly in view of the fact that Mr. Young had received all of my communications pertaining to the Whalen dinner, and, in consequence, was familiar with the true circumstances. I am particularly anxious to determine why the author mis-stated the reason for my absence from the testimonial, to which, as a friend and admirer of the Commissioner, I had looked forward with keen anticipation and delight.

THE statements in The New Yorker clearly betray malice, and it would be interesting to know what you sought to gain by publishing them. It is, to say the least, highly unfortunate that you did not take the ordinary precaution of familiarizing yourself with the facts before proceeding to print the offending paragraph in question. No matter what the purpose or design of the author and his informant, regard for the truth should have prevailed if they believed in the principles of good journalism—truth and accuracy in the printed word. Quite obviously, these principles were strange devices to them.

In my own writings, over a period of years, I have invariably hewed to the line of truth, and helped to sustain one of the loftiest pillars of the Fourth Estate.

It should be the unwritten obligation of every member of the Fourth Estate to respect truth in the printed word. Only by the faithful observance of this doctrine can confidence in the press be inspired and high standards in journalism be maintained.

I believe that I am entitled to relief from the embarrassment and degradation wrought by the tissue of deliberate misrepresentations in question, as well as to redress, through the publication, to say the least, of the true facts and of an open apology.

In the interest, therefore, of fairness and justice to me, as well as to Commissioner Whalen, I herewith request that you print in a conspicuous position in The New Yorker, a retraction and detailed correction of the perverse statements contained in the offending paragraph in question.

In anticipation of such action by you, I am,

Yours very truly,
ABRAHAM GELBFISH

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

THE facts in Mr. Gelbfish's letter are to the best of our knowledge correct. Apparently we were misinformed and, actually, he asked to be seated "within close proximity of the dais," not, as we stated, "directly in front of the dais." He asked that the song be sung by the guests in the spirit of the evening, not, as we stated, "by the chairman." And his attendance at the banquet was prevented by a death in his family, not by the refusal of the chairman to distribute Mr. Gelbfish's poem, and not by any other cause. We, of course, regret our misstatement, and hope that Mr. Gelbfish will accept our apology. THE EDITORS

•

AH WELLADAY DEPARTMENT

[*From the Boston Transcript*]

FOR SALE in West Medford. On a private quiet roadway, ending in a rustic wooden fence and a row of hollyhocks, shaded by two great old apple trees whose branches will soon be a mass of blossoms, stands a little white Colonial house. There have been three living in it, two big ones and one aged three. But they have to move to New York.

RECENT BOOKS

Futurity—Modern Zarathustra—More War—
A Bright Light on Emily—Pathos—Egypt

MR. H. G. WELLS, always with a weather eye on the future, comes into the market this week with a dollar book. And, at that, "The Autocracy of Mr. Parham" is worth a good whole dollar. It catches Mr. Wells in his early mood of fantasy and it reveals him in the joyous occupation of playing paper dolls with world problems. The idea of the book is a neat one. A professional historian, who has the disturbing notion that Europe needs stabilizing, has been cultivating the friendship of a millionaire (naturally a crude fellow) in the hopes that the man of money will back a weekly magazine of opinion.

But the millionaire, with the cussed originality of his tribe, chooses to dabble in spiritualism instead. The results of a successful séance are rather astounding. A spirit from Mars, projected by means of an ectoplasm, seizes the body of Mr. Parham. At this point in the story, the author, with his celebrated agility, jumps from the present into the future. Mr. Parham becomes Lord Paramount of England and has a chance to make history on his own account.

It seems, however, America does not want history on the European plan and there is a war—a war, Mr. Wells would convince you, between two types of civilization. Mr. Wells really manages swell wars; no wonder the actual one was a heavy disappointment to him. He goes about perpetually promising himself that, while present disturbances are apt to be a mess, the next ruction will be a grand affair.

There is in a way a pleasant Philo Vance tone about the novel. It is melodrama that instructs you. While Mr. Vance enlivens his to-do with offside lectures on music and Egyptology, Mr. Wells goes in for talks on politics illustrated by zipping pictures.

FURTHER rumbles between America and Europe may be heard in Ilya Ehrenbourg's eccentric tale, "The Extraordinary Adventures of Julio Jurenito and His Disciples." The high character in the book is a certain Mr. Cool, an American millionaire who is investing millions in a campaign to make Europe conscious of the Bible. Of all the lunatics representing all the nations, Mr. Cool is the most amusing and the most cleverly presented. He is a gorgeous, an exaggerated, and a monstrous impersonation of our national impertinence.

The book itself is alternately very good and very bad. Its plan, for instance, is too ambitious. Mr. Ehrenbourg has set out to reconstruct another Zarathustra. Jurenito, the Mexican, gathers his followers around him and travels in Europe and Africa, observing modern follies and expounding on them. Sometimes the author's critical wit is more than clever: it is sound. At other times, it forces itself to be eccentric and bizarre. The wanderings of Jurenito and his disciples begin in the Café de la Rotonde in Paris and, while the book takes you over miles of space, you feel that the adventures are still tied to the bar of the Rotonde.

AFTER swearing off and at war books, here I am again eating my words. "Her Privates We," by Private 19022, is a superior achievement; for this is the work of no amateur who sets out to write a personal confession, but is a valid literary performance. It follows some of the formulas of war writing but it gives something that most books of the kind lack—the feeling that here is an individualized experience; that these are men, not types; that it is a book written not to shock you or horrify you, but as something that demanded writing. Various persons are credited with its authorship; it is obviously the work of a good craftsman.

The other war book of the week is "Wooden Swords," a bit of French comedy by Jacques Deval. It relates the adventures of a man in the Sanitary Corps; it is pert writing.

IN "The Life and Mind of Emily Dickinson," Miss Genevieve Taggard has much that is new to say; and when she has to fall back on old material, she contrives to approach it with a fresh view. Furthermore, Miss Taggard has sworn statements from living persons about certain phases of Emily Dickinson's romance with the Reverend George Gould. Under the static surface of the poet's life were intense feeling and great spiritual adventure. Miss Taggard traces the beginnings of this deep psychic drama with the unhappy ending of the love affair with Gould. She is also careful to disprove some of the other romances that legend has built up.

Miss Taggard has also explored Emily's ancestry; the name was originally De Kenson and the family were Norman French. Second only to her picture of the poet herself is her masterful study of Emily's father, who was, after all, probably the love of Emily's life, for all his tyranny. In addition to bringing new facts to the case, the book has the further merit of being exquisitely written.

PERCY SHOSTAC's "14th Street" cannot be dismissed merely as a piece of stunt writing. It is a novel —or rather a psychoanalytical study— in free verse. That sounds pretty dreadful. As a matter of fact, the book is an immensely honest story of a young Jew in love with a Nordic lady whom he calls "my darling." There is the unfeigned pathos of reality in the romance; under Mr. Shostac's striving for the utmost in honesty, there is also a lyric quality of gentleness.

"EGYPTIAN DAY," by Princess Marthe Bibesco, is an epigrammatic account of a journey to Egypt. It has drawing-room suavity, facile wit, and it says nothing at all most gracefully. As for "The Man of God," by Count Edouard von Keyserling, it is a translation of "Dumala," which has long been popular in Germany. It is the story of a pastor who is troubled by the love affair between a young baroness and a gentleman of the neighborhood who is not her husband. The pastor—as you might know—is in love with the lady himself, and when he tries to interfere in the affair, the lover charges him with the infatuation. The theme is Ibsenesque and the dialogue is brilliant writing. I can recommend the book with a clear conscience.

—A. W. S.

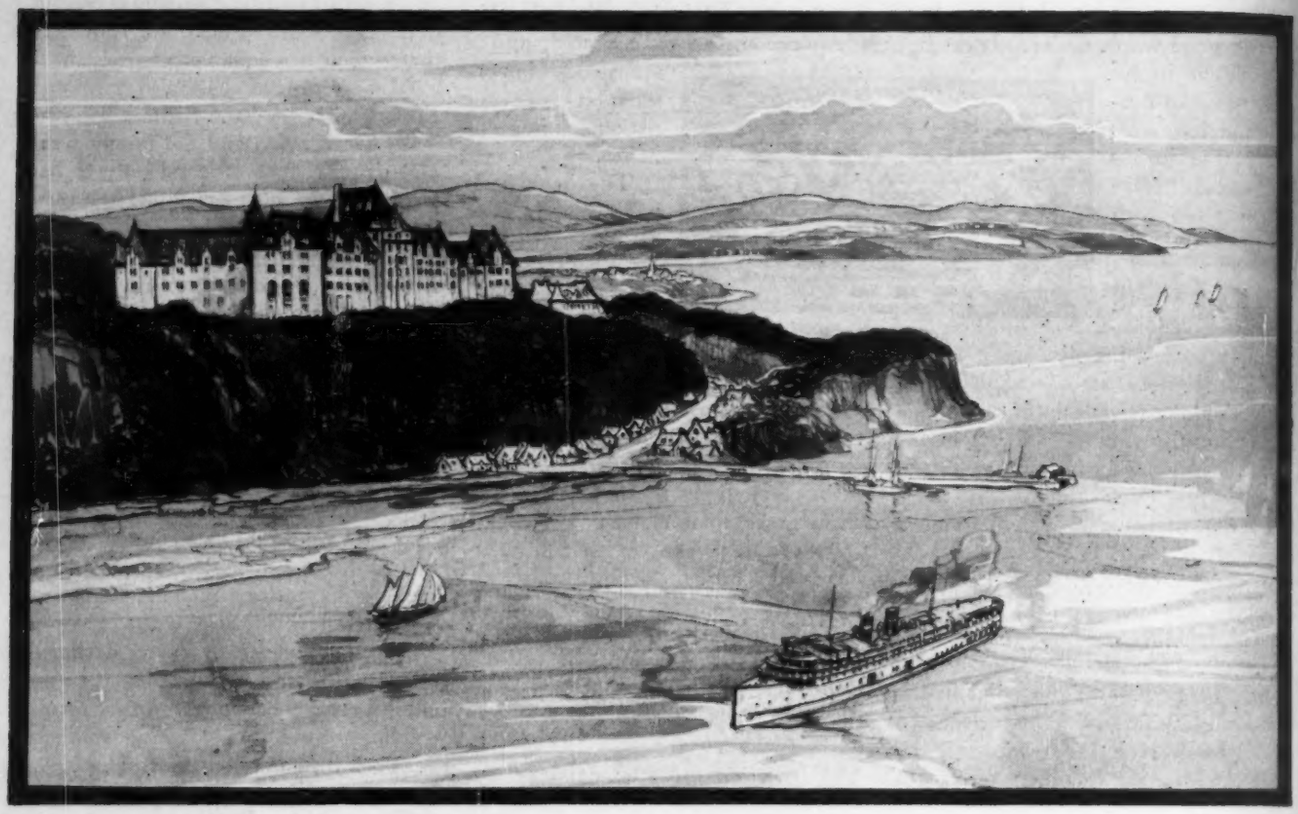
•

How can men in the cheese industry be satisfied with a gradually decreasing per capita consumption of cheese?—*Butter and Cheese Journal.*

Oh, they might get a hobby.

MANOIR RICHELIEU

AT MURRAY BAY, PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, CANADA

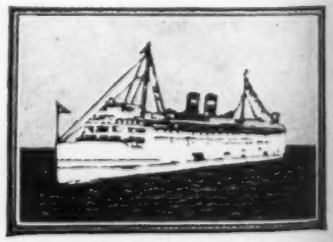


WHERE THE ST. LAWRENCE BECKONS TO THE SEA

SMOKE-BLUE mountains to the north and water of Mediterranean brilliance stretching as far as the eye can see—salty breezes from the St. Lawrence blending with the scent of pine and balsam from the eternal hills—Murray Bay!

A manor house, thrusting up above the tallest trees, looks out upon this gorgeous view. Its many windows, facing the river, catch the morning sun. The MANOIR RICHELIEU lords it over a vast domain. Here is metropolitan hotel comfort on a grand scale and every sport that summer can suggest. The famous golf course in turn overlooks the Manoir, being laid upon the crest of its mountain background. Salt water flows through the outdoor swimming pool. Saddle horses know woodland trails. Tennis, on splendid *en-tout-cas* courts, is much in vogue. You will not think of any pleasure or entertainment which is not offered to you here.

An illustrated booklet tells you everything you want to know about the MANOIR RICHELIEU and Murray Bay, in summer and winter. Write for one. And a special leaflet, "Freedom From Hay Fever at Murray Bay" may interest you or a friend. Please ask for it.

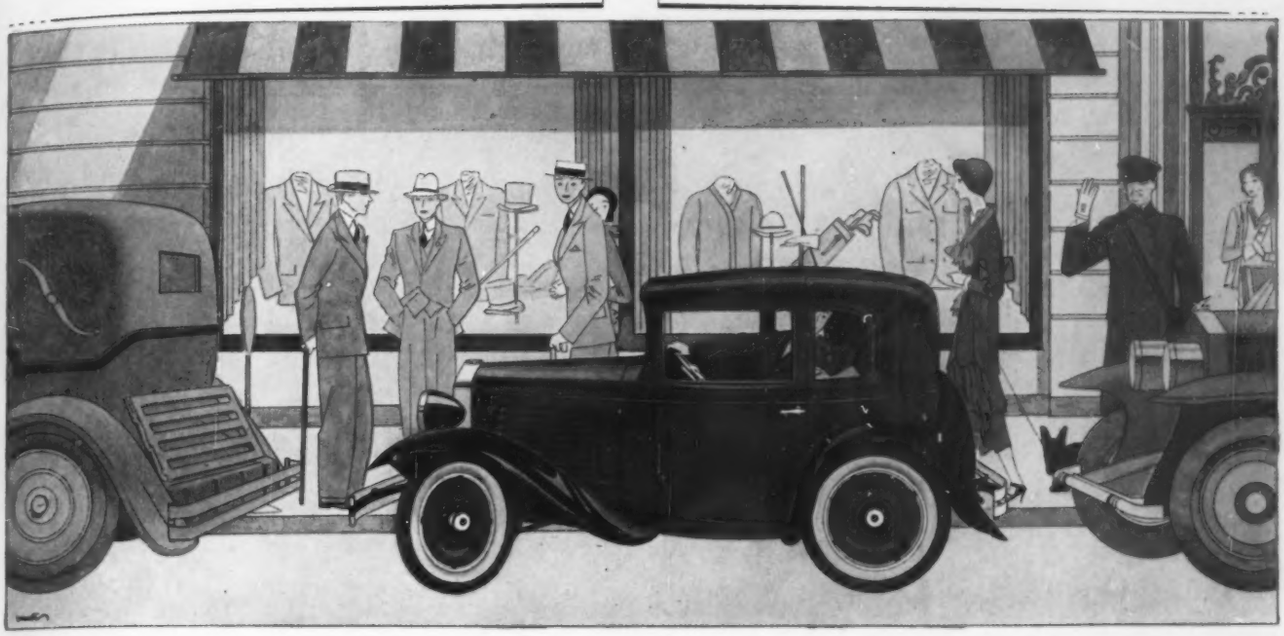


CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

715 VICTORIA SQUARE, MONTREAL, QUE.

MR77

Agents in leading cities of Canada and the United States . . . . or your own Tourist Agent



A car for the tiny open spaces

the bantam Austin ~ ~ ~ a smart individual mount for a crowded world.

AREN'T there times when your rolling power house is too much car . . . too big for easy parking . . . too cumbersome in traffic . . . too hearty with gas and oil?

Consider then the virtues of the American Austin. While big car drivers search the curb for haven, it slips into impossible parking spaces. Away in a flash, it darts in and out of traffic with a twist of the wrist, and turns about in a city street without backing.

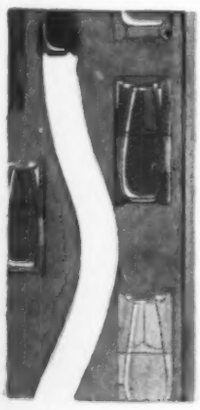
Forty miles on a gallon of gasoline . . . a thousand miles on a two quart filling of oil . . . twenty to forty thousand miles on a set of tires . . . these facts establish new principles of sensible transportation.

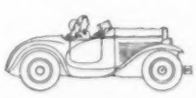
Smart, comfortable, and efficient, this bantam car is prepared to pay its way in your household by the mileage on the big car that it will save.

The Austin mechanical design has been proven worthy by eight years of record shattering service in all parts of the world. Here is the same chassis design with bodies, unbelievably comfortable, styled to new world ideas of smartness and luxury for the modest price of $445.

FLEXIBLE!

Steering is effortless. The Austin handles like a polo pony.





ADROIT!

The Austin easily slips into places where all others fear to tread.

The bantam Austin is now on view in distributors' showrooms

THE AMERICAN *Austin*

AMERICAN AUSTIN CAR COMPANY, INC., 7300 WOODWARD AVENUE, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

STACK 5

A Special Exhibition

of Home Movies in FULL COLOR *at* CINÉ-KODAK DEALERS' NOW . . . *see them*

Nothing that this page can say or show can fully reveal the beauty of home movies in color, made with Ciné-Kodak. For Kodacolor is the greatest single triumph in the history of photography.

Every Color the eye can see is reproduced on the Screen in Home Movies . . . taken as easily as a Snapshot . . .

WHAT about home movies in color? Are they hard to make? Can *you* make them? What do you do to get them?

Go today to your nearest Ciné-Kodak dealer and see Kodacolor—amateur-taken movies in *full color!*

Typical films in full color are now on exhibition daily at Ciné-Kodak dealers' throughout the United States and Canada. To see these wonderful full-color pictures is truly a revelation.

Easy as Snapshots!

You take them as easily and as simply as the ordinary snapshot. They reproduce, exactly, *every color the eye sees,* precisely as those colors are.

That means your children *exactly* as they are today—your mother just as she is today. Every scene of your travels. Movies that are life itself—for color and motion are the two things that really picture life.

Now, both are combined in the most amazing of all developments in home movies. Movies that are closer to life than anything known before. Yet so simple that a child can take them.

The same Ciné-Kodak (B or BB *f*.1.9) that takes black-and-white movies takes color. The same Kodascope (A or B) that shows black-and-white movies shows color, and they are really astonishingly easy to make. You simply use a Kodacolor Filter and Kodacolor Film when making or projecting movies in color.

If you can look through a finder and press a lever, you can take these amazingly beautiful pictures. Then send the film to any Eastman processing station. In a few days it comes back to you, ready for projection . . . *at no additional cost;* the charge for developing is included in the price of the film.

Everything is so convenient, so easy. And, if you can afford even the smaller nice things of today, you can afford the Ciné-Kodak.

Ask to see Kodacolor

See what wonders are now offered you by the same Eastman men who so simplified photography that any child can take snapshots. See the exhibition of Kodacolor that is being presented this month by Ciné-Kodak dealers. Visit your dealer today. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

KODACOLOR

Home Movies in Full Color